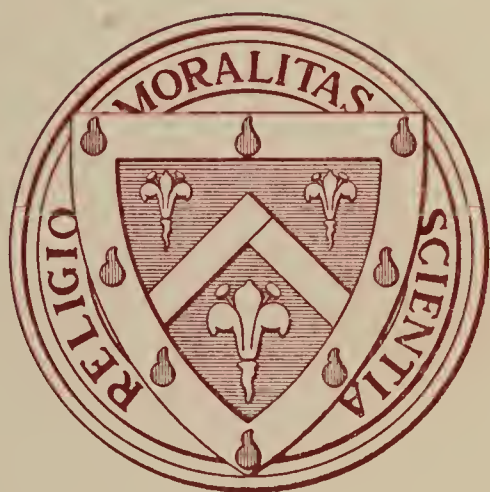


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CONTENTS

AN IDEAL REALIZED	Frank S. Henry	235
IN OLD "KAINTUCK" <i>Story</i>	Raymond Barrett	243
THE CATHOLIC ARTIST	Norman Fisher	246
THE MOST POPULAR TOY	Thomas Anderson	254
THE WOLVERINE STATE	R. L. Danehy & H. C. Klapheke	256
ALMOST LOST <i>Story</i>	Richard J. Trame	258
ON MEMORIZING	Robert Kaple	264
WHAT PRICE ROMANCE	William Callahan	267
EDITORIALS		271
CRITICISM		273
<i>Books</i>		273
<i>Films</i>		276
<i>Magazines</i>		275
EXCHANGES		278
ALUMNI		280
CAMPUS		282
<i>Clubs</i>		282
<i>Locals</i>		285
SPORTS		288

AN IDEAL REALIZED

By Frank S. Henry

Father Hecker is a man who says that we can convert America." These words, spoken in 1865 on a street in Detroit by C. J. O'Flynn, then a law student recently graduated from Georgetown College, after he had examined the first issue of *The Catholic World*, had a tremendous influence on Walter Elliott, the young man to whom they were addressed. Fifty years later, commenting on them, the then Rev. Walter Elliott, C.S.P., says: "I felt at that instant... a resistless drawing toward Father Hecker; the very first stirrings of my vocation." The words, however, have a far more extensive significance than that: they represent the spirit of the man who a few years previous had founded the Congregation of the Paulists; who, when as a clerical student at the Redemptorist House of Studies at Wittem, Holland, he was asked by his superior to declare in writing his opinion regarding his future vocation, expressed the fervent conviction that he "was to labor for the conversion of (his) non-Catholic fellow countrymen"; of whom Cardinal Gibbons wrote, "(He) was undoubtedly an instrument of Providence for the diffusion of the Catholic faith in our country." A few side lights on this man and a more detailed account of the greatest Catholic monthly in this country, *The Catholic World* which he founded, shall be the scope of this essay, the appropri-

ateness of which for Catholic Press Month seems perfectly clear.

Without going into detail we may say that there seems to be something somewhat Wordsworthian in the temperament of the young Hecker; something too of Lowell in the experiences of his inner struggle. Undoubtedly there is a likeness between him and Newman as the years go on, though the lives of the two converts are by no means parallel.

Born in 1819 of Protestant parents, he saw in early youth enough of poverty and toil to have embittered him had not his naturally religious nature, the example of his mother, and the ministrations of grace prevented it. Though his father was a Lutheran in little more than in name, his mother, who had deserted the Reformed Dutch Church to profess Methodism of which she became a faithful member, saw to it that her son was baptized in this denomination. That rite, more probably validly administered then than it might be to-day, would have effected that he was aided by grace from his infancy. Those who knew him best were convinced that he was never in his life guilty of deliberate mortal sin; he himself, as one of his intimates relates, "told me that he had never used drink to excess, and that he had never sinned against purity, never was profane, never told a lie; and he certainly never was dishonest."

Such a youth was a fit subject for the Divine Spirit to lead. Even as a boy, as he rested on the shavings before the oven in his brothers' bakery, he would sometime start up with a sudden thought, and perhaps rush out upon the wharves to look at the East River in the moonlight, such an aspiration as "What does God desire of me?" possessing him. When in his fifteenth year he for the first time heard Dr. Orestes A. Brownson lecture in New York on the principles and aims of the "Workingman's Party," he fell under the influence of this zealous apostle of righteousness. Brownson, then in his early thirties, was not yet a Catholic, but he gave the young Hecker an improved conception of our Lord Jesus Christ. The lad threw himself into the study of philosophy, Kant, Fichte, and Hegel becoming his constant companions as he worked at the molding board in the bakery. For ten years his life was one of study and reflection, during which he investigated the transcendentalists at Brook Farm and Fruitlands, all the while purging himself more and more from any attachment to worldly things or worldly loves. In June, 1844, Brownson wrote to him of his own intention of entering the Church; in August of that same year Isaac Hecker was received by Bishop McCloskey in New York. Ordained five years later by Bishop Wiseman in England, he returned after two years to America and intense missionary activities throughout the United States and Canada. Always convinced of the power of the pen, he produced between 1852 and 1857 his two books, "Questions of the Soul" and "Aspirations of Nature." Briefly his method in the printed and spoken word

was that of leading men "not by an exclusive appeal to their reasoning faculty, strictly understood, but by showing Catholicism as the thing that answers fully every need and aspiration of humanity, the one system of belief and practice that makes for the complete integration of the human personality."

A man with such antecedents was certainly qualified to be the Apostle of the Catholic Press in the United States. Untrammelled by any restrictions to his endeavors, he would dare to do what others had attempted earlier unsuccessfully, and succeed. God, whose ways are not man's ways, arranged that Father Hecker should be unhampered in his devout ambition. Quietly and providentially He withdrew him from the Redemptorist Order and left him free to pursue his course. He did it by founding the Congregation of the Paulists in 1858, a community whose first aim is, after personal sanctity, to convert Protestants to the Catholic faith.

Even a mere glance at the American scene in 1860 portrays the magnitude of undertaking at that time to launch a monthly Catholic magazine. There were indeed nearly four and one half million Catholics in the country, but most of these were foreign by birth or parentage, belonged to the toiling class, and were not highly educated. How many of these could be counted on to subscribe, and even more, how many were capable of contributing to a high-class journal? As each priest had under his charge an average of approximately two thousand souls, the clergy were too occupied with their ministerial functions to co-operate extensively. In the first quarter of the century a number of monthly Catholic

AN IDEAL REALIZED

magazines had sprung up, "all creditable publications, with editors and contributors of recognized ability, learning and popularity." Not a single one of these, however, had lasted longer than six years. A few Catholic weeklies had a hard task to obtain patronage and subscriptions enough to make ends meet. There were few railroads, no telephones, no electric lights; in New York, no trolleys, elevated roads, subways, or tunnels. The Paulist Community consisted of only five members. Their original foundation, only in the establishing, had to be financed. What chance had a monthly with a restricted clientele, having to discard ordinary Church news, appealing only because of its higher literary tone to the better educated? Of Catholic publishers there really was no lack, and although these recognized the crying need of such a publication, they were content to continue the less hazardous, more certain and lucrative practice of publishing bibles, Church histories, school textbooks, books of devotion and instruction, and standard Catholic literature generally. Added to this, the first low mutterings of the Civil War were succeeded by the rumblings of its near approach. In 1861 the political heavens were rent, and the war raged mercilessly for four years. Everything, in a word, argued failure to such an enterprise. What it needed, however, in spite of the dark outlook, was only the man, and Father Hecker was that man. He could not project his long-cherished plan as long as the country was torn by the cannons of the hostile armies, but in April, 1865, the very month that Lee surrendered, saw the first issue of *The Catholic World*.

That Father Hecker rushed in where

others feared to tread expresses to my mind the higher religious caliber of the man. True, he alone seemed to appreciate at the time the fact that the Catholics of this country were no longer merely hewers of stone and drawers of water; he alone, apparently, was "awake to the fact that a new generation of Catholic writers and authors had sprung up demanding recognition." But more than that, he was imbued with those words of our Lord: "Seek first the kingdom of God and his justice, and all these things will be added unto you." To his fine spiritual fiber it was apparent that when the Lord builds the house the human carpenters do not labor in vain. God furnishes the increase to the work of those who do not sputter over temporals, after which the heathens seek. That God blessed the project of Father Hecker immediately is seen from the rapid increase in subscriptions; without any modern methods of advertising ten thousand monthly copies were needed already in 1869 to supply the demand in New York, throughout the United States, and abroad. And the circulation of *The Catholic World*, it may well be said, was one of Father Hecker's least concerns. How extremely much he trusted in Divine Providence seems to be indicated by the fact that the first issue of the magazine contained no prospectus and boasted no promise.

All beginnings are difficult. That first issue contained but one original article. The rest of the number, apart from some miscellaneous notes on science and art, and a few book reviews, was made up of articles either translated from a foreign language or reprinted from an English review. In fact, for more than a year a

considerable number of the articles appearing were reprints. The eclectic system gradually gave way, however, for Father Hecker sought for new contributors as a prospector does for gold. Having found a priest or layman who measured up to his high standards he would induce him to write an article, go over the scheme of it with him, suggest the line of reading required, inspire him with the right spirit. Especially did he devote much time and attention to the younger writers, so that in this way he would develop a band of trained journalists to take the place of the pioneers and veterans when these should no longer be able to produce. In this way many an individual started off on a career of writing through first succeeding in getting an article of high quality published in *The Catholic World*. Because of this *The Catholic World* during the first thirty years of its existence is the most complete record extant of the development of Catholic literature in our land. Some of the outstanding men and women of letters who owe much or all of their primary success to Father Hecker and his journal will be referred to in another part of this essay.

Whether the articles that appeared, even during the first three or four years, were original or translated, Father Hecker from the very beginning insisted on a standard of real scholarship and of excellent literary merit. To these standards he adhered throughout the twenty-three remaining years of his life, during all of which he remained the editor save for three years of sickness when Father A. F. Hewit acted in his stead.

We cannot leave Father Hecker's work for *The Catholic World* before quoting

from his pen a few sentences which reveal the editorial aim which he espoused, namely, to throw the saving light of Catholic truth on the basic religious problems of the day. In 1869 he wrote:

The root-error of Protestantism is an intellectual error. Even though it produces the fruit of agnosticism, the root is still the same and still lives among non-Catholics. It is the evil of subjectivism. Truth is generated in the mind from the action of the object on the subject; as St. Thomas says, it is the transposition of the object into the subject. This makes the criterion of truth external. Protestantism makes the criterion of truth internal, makes its interior states the exclusive test of religious truth.

What is the tendency of the Protestant mind in philosophy? It is subjectivism and leads to general skepticism. Not that this is a natural tendency of the human mind, but because it is misled. Throwing the Church more upon its intellectual basis will cause its brightest minds to meet the errors of the age more satisfactorily, especially among the Saxon races.

Even a cursory examination of *The Catholic World* of Father Hecker's time reveals that this aim was carried out. To mention but three titles of articles, "The Catholic Church in View of Present Antagonism"; "The Liberty and Independence of the Pope"; "True and False Friends of Reason"; these call to mind the era of Know-Nothingism, the events that developed during the Vatican Council, the centuries-old challenge that began with Luther's tacking the original

AN IDEAL REALIZED

ninety-five theses to the door of the church of Wittenberg.

Perhaps, too, it is not out of place to quote those six principles which Father Hecker followed as a public writer, since they show above all his humble obedience to ecclesiastical authority, but also his happy blending of conservatism and progress. We shall be able to point out when we deal with the present editor's platform how closely it concurs with that of his predecessor and spiritual father.

1) Absolute and unswerving loyalty to the authority of the Church, wherever and however expressed, as God's authority upon earth and for all time.

2) To seek in the same dispositions the true spirit of the Church, and be unreservedly governed by it as the wisdom of the Most High.

3) To keep my mind and heart free from all attachments to schools, parties, or persons in the Church, Hecker included, so that nothing within me may hinder the light and direction of the Holy Spirit.

4) In case any conflict arises concerning what Hecker may have spoken or written, or any work or movement in which he may be engaged, to re-examine. If wrong, make him retract at once. If not, then ask: Is the question of that importance that it requires defence, and the upsetting of attacks? If not of this importance, then not to delay and perhaps jeopardize the progress of other works, and condemn Hecker to simple silence.

5) In the midst of the imperfections, abuses, scandals, etc., of the human side of the Church, never to allow myself to think or to express a word

which might seem to place a truth of the Catholic faith in doubt, or to savor of the spirit of disobedience.

6) With all this in view, to be the most earnest and ardent friend of all true progress, and to work with all my might for its promotion through existing organizations and authorities.

"Those who have control of *The Catholic World* at present desire and hope that it may continue and perpetuate the work which Father Hecker began," wrote Father Hewit when he took over the task of editor in chief at the founder's death in 1889. At that time no one was more capably trained to do just that; to combat the forces of disintegration toward which Protestantism, pushed to its logical conclusion, necessarily rushes. Himself a convert, he had while still outside the Church acquired complete command of the writings of both Calvinistic and Anglican authors. After he had embraced the truth, he familiarized himself with every phase of Catholic learning. Passages from the Scriptures his retentive memory held, traced down to book, chapter, and verse; the Fathers of the Church, St. Thomas and the principal scholastics, the divines of the Reformation era — all were at his command with the facility of a specialist. Whatever he wrote, whether article or editorial, bore the stamp of scholarship and the touch of literary genius.

Those who wish to enlighten themselves on the life and extensive activities of Father Hewit will be rewarded for their interest in him. Volume sixty-five (July, 1897) of *The Catholic World* carries a sixteen page article written at the time of his death. Here we have

space to state only that his articles, "treating as they do of subjects of philosophy, theology, church history, and Scripture," would if collected contain a full treatment of the matters discussed. So esteemed was he for his scholarly contributions to the development and explanation of Catholic truths and principles that in 1885 Rome conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and even Amherst College, his Alma Mater, honored him with the same title.

When in 1897 the Divine Harvester of souls pronounced His *bene fecisti* on the work of Father Hewit, the Rev. Alexander P. Doyle took up the work of editing *The Catholic World*. His seven years in the editor's chair were as many years of unselfish service. His policy was toward a more popular type of journal with a number of illustrations to catch the eye of the average lay person of ordinary education. Father Doyle was transferred to the Apostolic Mission House in Brookland, D.C., in 1904, and the Rev. John J. Burke succeeded him as editor in September of that year.

Father Burke seems to have correctly sensed at once that as there were a number of popular magazines within the reach of all, the same need for a more scholarly and substantial monthly journal prevailed as existed when Father Hecker inaugurated *The Catholic World*. At once he set to work to build up his publication. The more rigid selection of manuscripts at first left him with a thin bundle of copy to send to the printers, but his unceasing toil found time to seek out writers of fame and promise, leisure to visit them, to discuss and outline with them his policy, until

once again "editor and contributor met in common enthusiasm to promote the service of the mind in the cause of God." Even as with his founder it was the *zelus animarum* that impelled Father Burke to steer toward the deeper waters of philosophical and theological discussion, the interpretation of history, and apologetics. "With me you can do all things," might well have been the motto of this devout priest editor. "What should be done for God, could be done. . . All things could, and *must* be done in Him Who strengtheneth." From such consecration to duty all of us interested in Catholic journalism can well learn a valuable lesson.

One appreciates more fully Father Burke's zeal as editor when one reads in his editorial written for the golden jubilee of the magazine in 1915, the following:

To draw men by the capable, intelligent expression of Catholic truth; to make fairness and beauty of style an index of the fairness and beauty within; to show that Catholic truth illumines, fulfills all, and leads man to the supernatural life of Jesus Christ, was the lofty purpose of Father Hecker when he founded *The Catholic World*. For fifty years his mission has endured. May God grant us and our successors, many, many years to continue it for His glory and the glory of His Holy Church; for the welfare of souls and the well-being of our beloved country — America.

For eighteen years Father Burke devoted his energetic zeal to *The Catholic World*. But this was not the extent of his activities. So deeply engrossed did he become meanwhile in the activities,

problems, and purposes of the National Catholic Welfare Council that in 1922 he was prevailed upon to give all his time to that organization. His loss to the publication would have been the more regretted had it not been left in such capable hands as those of the present editor. Of Father Burke's loss to the Church, to our country, and to the world at large in recent months every one knows and every one mourns.

There is no need to enlarge upon the policy which the Rev. James Gillis, C. S.P., adopted when he became editor in chief of *The Catholic World* in 1922. Readers of this article know him through the pages of the current numbers of the journal, through his pamphlets, lectures and radio discussions and sermons. These tell the tale — a tale which may be briefly expressed in the words: he is the disciple following the master — both his spiritual founder, Father Hecker, and his Divine Master, Jesus Christ.

We cannot, however, pass over a few thoughts which Father Gillis expressed when he took charge of the publication of *The Catholic World*. We cull sentences that are almost aphoristic in their significance:

“We say that we are moderns.”

“To us the past means nothing without the present.”

“The Future is infinitely more thrilling than the past.”

“We are — not merely by accident of birth, but by conviction—Americans.”

“We can do little, if any good, for a people whom we do not love.”

With this we leave Father Gillis. May God spare him many years to carry on the work he is so admirably and zealously doing. Without doubt he is at least one

of the three foremost advocates of truth and righteousness in our beloved country today.

Dr. Helen Kelley shows in her volume, *The Well of English*, that whatever is worth while in English literature has its roots in Catholic soil; Hilaire Belloc asserts that Europe and its development is a Catholic thing. May we not hold that the United States and its progress are due to Catholic influences? If the Church, true to her trust, had not been such a power for truth would it have been challenged at every step of its advance within our boundaries? For is it not the truth that the father of lies tries to thwart? And if it had not been for this challenge dutifully met, we would not have many of the writers whose names and articles have appeared on the pages of *The Catholic World* since its inception.

Space will not permit mention of more than a few of these. Among the earliest and most polemic of them was Orestes A. Brownson, whom Father Hewit called “the lion.” In matters of dogma, philosophy, and controversy, seventy articles of his quickened the pulses of thousands of readers.

John Gilmary Shea, famous for his *History of the Catholic Church in the United States*, wrote excellently and often in his favorite field. So did Richard H. Clarke, whose series of articles on pioneer American missionaries have enlightened and inspired many.

In the field of belles letters appear the names of such distinguished artists as Agnes Repplier, Louise Imogen Guiney, Alice Meynell, Katherine Bregy, and Brother Azarias; specifically story writers are Canon Sheehan, Katharine Tynan,

John Talbot Smith, Mrs. Wilfred Ward, Rosa Mulholland, John Ayscough.

Church Music has had its special sponsor in the person of Father Alfred Young; Architecture, in Ralph Adams Cram; Biblical Criticism has been discussed by the Rev. Hugh Pope. Doctors Pace and Shields, Canon William Barry and Mr. Hilaire Belloc have delved into educational questions. Members of the hierarchy, priests of various communities, all have contributed articles to this vehicle of thought — essays which have rocked the nation with controversy or soothed it to peaceful quiet through the truths engendered and inculcated.

These are but a few. They are not even selective; they have come to mind at random, chosen because they are perhaps more familiar to the readers than some others which might have been mentioned. They furnish a sufficient number and enough of a cross section of that for which *The Catholic World* has always stood and stands today in our political, social, and economic life, particularly in so far as these effect the life of the nation religiously.

No better conclusion can be found to this sketchy account of *The Catholic World*, its founder, its editors, and some of its contributors, than the words of Father Burke: "It is the duty of those

who possess and who stand for the truth of Christ to know how that truth affects and guides aright every activity of modern thought. Human society and its institutions; the work of its well-being and its improvement; education; philanthropy; the arts of letters, of music, of architecture — all these will go lamentably wrong unless they be directed by the teachings of Jesus Christ. His truth is the salvation of the world in the fullest sense. Study, therefore, both of the healing power and of the things that are to be healed is an essential requisite. Sympathy, fairness, justice — these are characteristically spiritual qualities of the zealous Catholic. Intelligent application both to the truth to be expressed and the manner of its expression is absolutely necessary. Because we possess the truth, we ought to be all the more careful to present it in attractive and pleasing style. Letters, not only because they win the souls of men, but also because they show forth in a far-distant way the beauty of the Divine Intelligence Itself, have ever been a favorite child of our Holy Church." The application of the thoughts expressed in these statements of Father Burke has been the purpose of *The Catholic World*. They are the foundation for progressive Catholic journalism. They are an ideal realized.



IN OLD KAINTUCK

By Raymond Barrett '40

It was twilight in the Cumberland Mountains. As the moon slowly began to shed its white, ghostly light on the terrain, the peaceful silence was broken by a distant clanking and sputtering which gradually increased in volume as the source came nearer. By its very intensity it was suggestive of a blacksmith shop in full blast with the smith lustily working his bellows and choking to death at the same time. It was only an old, very old can of a car. Into view around the twisting trail came this antiquated and dilapidated vehicle of uncertain vintage, battered and bent, and wheezing like a leaky coffeepot.

Proudly sitting in the front seat, managing the travels of the horseless buggy, was an ancient and decrepit man with a long white beard reaching nearly to his knees. Now and then his kindly blue eyes turned from the tortuous, dusky trail ahead to appraise the one other passenger of this Noah's Ark, who was strangely in contrast with his surroundings. His suit had a razor-like crease, and the small and dapperly twisted mustache was far more suited to the main street of Paducah than to this rough, mountainous region. The final straw was the pair of fawn-colored spats which daintily encased his ankles — he was definitely a "furriner" to these parts.

Although in Paducah he was known as "Slicker," the old man knew him as

Wellington J. Crumb, a wealthy and influential business man from New York, who was in the Cumberland Mountain district for a short time on business. The business, as Mr. Crumb had so glibly explained, was to sell shares in the New York Subway System. In fact he recited several cases where men had doubled their money in a week.

So wise was he to the vanity of a rustic, and so persuasive was his line that it had taken only a few moments' conversation to secure a hearty invitation to come up for supper and talk to Maw Crow about an investment.

Yes, Slicker was certainly a fast worker. In fact, he was smiling to himself in the darkness as he thought of the joshing he would receive back in Paducah over his latest catch. It was almost below his dignity to fleece a mountaineer, but as he had remarked to himself, "one had to live." Business had been bad lately. Fake insurance was an exposed racket; the government was inclined to be nasty about counterfeit money; gold bricks no longer lured even a farmer; while oil wells along with Florida lots (visible at low tide) were, in the words of the honorable Slicker, "not selling worth a hoot."

Thus it was that Slicker, with the wolf knocking at his door, had been presenting his credentials as a Wall Street financier to the Hickory Hollow post-

master (also mayor and undertaker) when the old man had come in for his mail.

However, back to the present. Little was said until at last the flivver pulled up to a stop before a large cabin verily built into the mountain side. Through the windows shadows could be seen playing on the wall from a huge fire in the large fireplace.

No sooner had the engine stopped than an old woman appeared in the doorway, crying out in a shrill, piercing falsetto, "Well, lands' sakes, Anderson Crow, where've you bin? Like to thought you never would get home, and me trying to keep the porkchops warm and— Oh! You've brung a guest. Goodness sakes, Anderson, just like a man to to stand there and say nary a word. How do you do, sir, and come right in. The vittles will be ready in a jiffy. Anderson, set out an extra plate and—."

The time was a few hours later. In the snug, cozy living room of the log cabin, Slicker, Anderson and his wife were sitting before the fire. Anderson was drawing long contemplative puffs from a venerable clay pipe, while Slicker was to be observed smoking a cigarette. Mrs. Crow was absorbedly leafing through a booklet concerning subways, which as Mr. Crumb explained, showed the magnificent investment into which they would be putting their money.

Back in the hills a few shots rang out. Mrs. Crow looked up. "Looks like the Weavers and the Haydens are a-feuding agin, Paw."

Anderson exhaled a cloud of smoke, came out of his reverie, and answered with a grunt. Slicker appeared nervous but was evidently too long in the business

to attempt to hasten a person in the process of making up his mind. He glanced at his watch — nine-thirty. He scrutinized his fingernails and took out a file. That finished, he stood up and walked about the room, cautiously looking at the Crows from the corner of his eye. Resuming his seat he broke out in a half-hearted whistle. Just as he was thinking that he wouldn't be able to stand the suspense, Mrs. Crow broke the silence, "Paw, I think you can git our money."

Anderson rose, heaved a sigh, put down the pipe and walked into the bedroom. Through the wall could be heard the sound of furniture being moved, a carpet pulled back, and a plank lifted. There was a sound as of a metal box being opened, and then Anderson walked back into the room. "Here, Mr. Crumb." Into the hands of the villain he placed their life savings — three hundred dollars.

Slicker greedily clutched the money, put it into his wallet, and then, so that everything might be businesslike, sat down and wrote out a receipt. This finished, he would have taken his leave, but Anderson and his wife would not hear of it. He must stay and have some cider. There was plenty of room to stay over night, and in the morning Anderson would drive him to the train.

Slicker remained, and as the night wore on, his face became flushed and he loosened his collar as the result of the cider — real mountain cider. In the morning he left.

Approximately three weeks later Anderson in a mad dither rushed into the cabin, waving a day-old newspaper. On the front page was a picture of the

IN OLD "KAINTUCK"

obliging Mr. Crumb. The excitement seemed to be the result of Anderson's curiosity to know what it was all about. Yes, I blush to admit it, Anderson's book larnin' had never been extended to that point where he could read, although he was the undisputed mathematical wizard of the county. (He could add and subtract far better than even the mayor of the community).

However, Anderson's wife was well educated; she had attended six months of rural school while a girl, and she now indignantly grabbed the paper from her husband's hands and laboriously spelled, "A R-U-N I-N W-I-T-H J-U-S-T-I-C-E." Then she stopped. Oh, Anderson! I'm afraid that something ran into that nice Mr. Crumb. Do you reckon he got killed, Paw?"

When poor old Anderson heard this alarming news he stumbled over to the one easy chair in all of Hickory Hollow—a wedding-anniversary present from their son-in-law, a real lawyer in Hardingsburg. Slouching down, he reached under the seat cushion for his tobacco sack. His groping fingers encountered an oblong object, very smooth, and about half an inch thick. Drawing it forth, he found it to be a wallet. How had it gotten

there? How long had it been there? Instinct asserted itself, and he howled for Sarry before continuing his investigations. He opened it. It was crammed with bills of various denominations.

"Land's sakes, what is it, Anderson?" With one fell swoop his wife gathered up wallet and contents, "Look, Paw, look!" Old Anderson looked. There among the money were the greasy, well-thumbed, many-creased bills, their life savings of three hundred dollars, which they had given to Mr. Crumb to invest for them. He must have dropped the wallet while sitting in the chair drinking cider. They had missed their golden opportunity, for now that nice Mr. Crumb was evidently dead.

To whom could they send the remaining bills, a sum of over four hundred dollars? Then, on the second, came the memory of the pitiful story Wellington had told them—an orphan boy without a living relative, who by means of virtue and Horatio Alger plots had risen to the position of a Wall Street financier.

"Land's sakes, Anderson. I jist remember that that poor man didn't have no kin at all. Do you reckon we kin keep all the money?"

"I reckon so, Maw!"



THE CATHOLIC ARTIST

2. A Plea

By Norman Fisher '37

In a preceding article we discussed briefly the relation of philosophy and art. By philosophy we understood not the science of the ultimate causes of things, not any particular system of thought of the many that the world has known, but we understood the common philosophy of people in general, their thoughts and feelings on life, their outlook on the problems of human existence, their beliefs and their prejudices. We traced the parallel course of philosophy and art through the ages, attempting to picture art in the light of its being the expression of philosophy, its concrete representation, the very incorporation of it. Having arrived at our own times we saw that there are essentially two philosophies predominant in the world today, Catholic philosophy which is still espoused by approximately one-half the Western world, and the neo-Pagan philosophy, which is obtaining a more and more firm grasp upon the modern world. In the one we saw the possibility of spirituality, sanity, order, and hope; in the other, the inevitability of rank materialism, insanity, confusion, and despair. From the neo-Paganism we observed to spring a cycle of art that with frightful conformity and precision is the very quintessence of neo-Paganism, inanity, unintelligibility, helplessness. We saw also that because of many reasons genuine Catholic art has lain dormant for some

centuries, that whatever attempts have been made have in the main been a confusion and mixing of prudence with art. Drawing a conclusion from these observations we made the statement that the hour is at hand for a rebirth of Catholic art on a gigantic scale.

In this article I shall occupy myself with uttering a plea for Catholic artists. The plea ultimately of course is for the rebirth of Catholic art, but that rebirth must take place from the union of artists with Catholic philosophy. I shall first show why that rebirth is important and worth while. Then I shall point out the things that make it possible and practical. Finally I shall make some suggestions as to how it may be accomplished. The plea must of course be addressed to the mother of all Catholics, the Catholic Church, to those to whom the administration of her is entrusted, and most especially to Catholic colleges.

Surely it is not necessary to dwell at length on the general importance of art. The Church has always recognized its importance and has manifested that she knows its worth by the impetus and encouragement she gives to the appreciation of it. And since art is one of the very highest forms of intellectual exertion, ranking but a little below theology and philosophy, it is only fitting that she should give such encouragement to it. Since the Reformation, however, the

THE CATHOLIC ARTIST

Church has not been very active in giving a positive encouragement to the creation of art. That is because she has been busy fighting too many battles on many scattered fronts, against opponents who singly on their side have had the great advantage of having to fight against one adversary and for one cause, whereas the Church singlehandedly has been combating them all. To ask the Church now in what is certainly a critical hour of the war to make a concerted effort to lend encouragement to the creation of art is to ask her to begin operations on still another front. Nevertheless I see in this new angle of warfare the possibility of material aid toward the attainment of her major objective of the present, which is the spreading of the roots of Catholicism, the extension of Catholic culture. The war of the Church today is not so much as formerly a war with prejudice but rather a war with intelligence, with the myriad false philosophy that are springing freely from their fecund mother, the neo-Paganism. The struggle toward the re-creation of art that is Catholic in philosophy, in spirit, and in expression would, it is true, not be a frontal attack, but rather an aggression on the flank, to the efficacy of which history bears ample testimony. It is on this score that this movement is important, that heed should be given to it.

There must be a concerted effort made. No anaemic show of interest will do. There must be enthusiasm, endurance, and also patience. Results will not immediately appear, but to an organization of ages years have no great importance. Into this campaign must be thrown vibrant forces; back of it must stand

abundant resources. Provisions must be made to maintain the momentum, lest it run out of itself. It must be kept in mind that if art is worth while for itself, then Catholic art is all the more worth while and important for what it can accomplish. But more is required to begin this movement than the consciousness of its importance; there must be indications that such a movement is feasible, that it will be successful, that there are things in favor of the Catholic artist. And there are indeed indications that such is the case.

The whole problem of the artist can be briefly summed up. Into the production of every work of art there must enter three elements. Those elements are the senses, philosophy, and style. In every piece of art that has ever been produced there can be discovered the effect of the senses, a philosophy expressed, and the individual style of the creator. If we can ascertain that the Catholic artist is favorably situated relative to those three elements of all art, then we can safely conclude the possibility and practicability of the movement toward Catholic art.

The part played by the senses in the production of art is evident. Art in its fundamental meaning is an activity of man, an activity of the intellect aimed at the creation of beauty. An intellectual activity presupposes a previous activity of the senses. The proper province of the intellect is concepts primarily, and then thoughts, which are only the connections between concepts, the relating of one to the other. But there is no creation of concepts; there is only the acquiring of them from without. And there are no channels of access to the

intellect save it be the senses. "Nihil in intellectu quod non prius in sensu." A mind segregated at birth from the body would never become conscious of anything, not even of self, for the idea or consciousness of ego is itself a concept. Concepts are introduced into the mind only by means of the senses. All that any one has of knowledge has come to him through his senses. All the accumulated knowledge of the human race, itself acquired through the senses, can be obtained by any one only through his senses. And therefore any intellectual activity which is to be positive, which is to be creative, is possible only because of and through the senses.

That is the important point; not that the senses are the sole gateway to the intellect, but that the senses are an element in the production of art. Art is concerned exclusively with the external universe, with the material world which can be apprehended by the senses. A treatise on the intellectual operations may be extremely good logic, but it is not on that account art, nor are the ramifications of the laws of trigonometry, though they may be intellectually thrilling. Only sensible things are the subject matter of art. A world consisting of a few billion intellects dispersed through space may be an intriguing bit of fancy, but it would be a world devoid of art. The boundless intellect in one eternity, the vast universe in another; bridge the gap with the senses, and you have the possibility of art. Suppose the intellect of such quality that the vast universe passes over and is absorbed in it, and the boundless intellect to fill and pervade the universe until the two eternities merge into one, and you have

the reality of art. The architect planning the grand cathedral is only uniting forms that he has seen; the sculptor chiseling on marble is only fashioning an object which he has observed; the painter with brush and canvas is only idealizing some scene or visage of his experience; the composer elaborating his symphony is only recombining sounds which he has heard; the writer at his desk is only relating words that he has heard or seen into ideas. In every case there is a spiritualization of matter by the intellect through the medium of the senses.

The important point is that the senses are an element in the production of art. First they are the bridge between the universe and the intellect of the artist; then they are instrumental in the actual creation of art; finally they are the means whereby art is passed from intellect to intellect. Yet there are those who profess to disbelieve in the effects of the senses; who deny that their senses tell them truly of things as they are. There are others who doubt even the material existence of the universe; who affirm all those things which we commonly conceive of as being apprehended by the senses to be mere figments of the imagination. In the light of what has been said about art, the universe, and the senses what can we expect of art from such as these?

Not so with the Catholic artist. To him there is no doubt about the reliability of the senses. As a Catholic, apart from the fact of his rationality, his philosophical teaching assures him that his senses are positive things; that they give him a true idea of the universe as it is. And far from doubting the material existence

THE CATHOLIC ARTIST

of the universe, he knows positively that it is, and more than that, he comprehends the proper level and position of the external universe in the world of being. The process by which he categorizes and estimates the universe is termed sacramentalism. In the world of being he is conscious of three things, God, ego, and the universe. The ego and the universe were created by God, and for His honor and glory. Man stands midway between God and the universe; by reason of his being an animal he is part of the universe; by reason of his spiritual faculties of intellect and will he is spiritually related to God. The universe is created for the honor and glory of God, but it is dumb; and therefore man is its spokesman, because he contains it within himself. In a material way as an organism he consumes and contains within himself the mineral world; as a sentient organism, the vegetative world; and as a rational sentient organism, the animal world. In a spiritual way he contains the universe within himself by reason of his knowledge. He makes of the whole universe one great sacrament, an outward sign by which he gives honor and glory to God, the sensible thing which he offers to Him. For him that universe exists in all reality, and his senses are to him the sure means of knowing that universe.

The second element in the production of art is philosophy. We have seen by examination that art has always been the expression of the common philosophy of people. On the strength of this observation alone we would be justified in concluding that one element in the production of art is philosophy. But more than that, we know by definition

that into every work of art must enter some intellectual contribution of the artist, some idea; otherwise the work is not art but merely more or less perfect reproduction. That idea commonly manifests itself in the theme or motif of the work of art. It is but natural to suppose that that theme will embody the philosophy of life of the artist. It is very probable that that philosophy of life will not be his alone but the philosophy of many, of his leaders in thought, of his family traditions, of his educational influences, of his friends. For every man is affected somewhat by his environment, his milieu, and most men considerably.

There are two philosophies of life in the world today, Catholic and neo-Pagan. The artists whose philosophy of life is the latter are rather at a disadvantage. Not believing in the existence of God, or believing in Him only as an impersonal being, they are either at a loss to explain their own existence and that of the universe, or they are unable to find a reason for that existence. Consequently in their philosophy of life is uncertainty. Moreover where there is no supreme law-giver, and the inexorable law of nature seems to be counterstrife, there is neither order nor harmony in the universe. Consequently their philosophy of life is characterized by a great confusion. Yet again where there is no ultimate arbiter, where justice appears to be altogether blind and material goods are the measure of all things, there is no key to the understanding of the problem of evil. Consequently their philosophy of life is a philosophy of despair. Not a very good situation that, uncertainty, confusion, and despair, for the creation of beauty.

Such is not the case with the Catholic artist. His is the one philosophy of life that is satisfactory, by which a man can safely live. That philosophy may be briefly stated: God is the measure of all things. Everything in his life; every phase of his existence is related to God. Because he knows that the reason for his existence is ultimate and eternal communion with God there is in his philosophy the greatest certainty possible, the certainty of faith. Because he knows that the universe is created for the honor and glory of God, that the universe is gradated in an ascending scale culminating in man as the peak of the material order, that whatever happens in that universe, however strange or contradictory it may seem, tends finally to increase that honor and glory, the universe is to him a supremely orderly and harmonious structure. Because he knows that the life of man is essentially a conflict, a trial whose prize is eternal communion with God, there is for him no problem of evil; evil is a means to an end, and therefore there is for him every cause for hope. But there is more in his philosophy of life than faith and hope; there is also love. In his consciousness is deeply ingrained the fact of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of men. Consequently love, filial and fraternal, fills his life as completely and naturally as the truths and practices of the religion he professes. There is beauty also in his life, first in the ultimate and infinite source of beauty which is God, in the lives and personalities of his fellowmen, and in the vistas, the workings, and phenomena of nature in the sea, the sky, the earth, the plants and animals. All of which is surely a mar-

velous background for the creation of beauty in art.

The third element in the production of art is style. In the consideration of the subject from the purely artistic viewpoint it is perhaps the most important of all the elements. Style is the artist's particular treatment of his subject, his own mode or manner of doing the work. Style is concerned not with the "what" or "why" of art, but with the "how" of it. It is something as peculiar and personal to the artist as is his physiognomy. It is that which makes a confusion of the works of Shakespeare and Milton, or of Michelangelo and Rembrandt an impossibility. Indeed it is that which made these men and others the great artists that they were. Were it not so, if the philosophy expressed were the important thing in art as art, then the greatest philosophers of the world, because theirs is the greater philosophy, would be also the greatest artists, instead of the artists being, in effect and as a consequence of their art, the most influential philosophers. He is indeed a rare individual who cannot quote or refer to some artist on some particular phase of human conduct, and there are many who can do so on almost any phase of human conduct, but few are there who can quote the learned and authoritative philosophers who have brightened the avenues of thought throughout the years, but who have had the misfortune of not being artists. If the question be why, then style is the answer.

Since style is so individual and personal a thing, the body of Catholic artists, real or theoretical, has no advantage over any other body of artists

in this respect. And if not as a body then neither as individuals. But if they are not at an advantage, neither are they at a disadvantage; so that if we can speak of a favorable situation at all we may still be consistent with our premise that Catholic artists are favorably situated in respect to the three elements in the production of art and say that they are so situated in regard to style. The important thing is that style can be developed, though not created or bestowed, and therefore it is with the element of style that the plea has to do.

Having thus far shown that the movement toward the rebirth of Catholic art is important, and that there are many things that contribute to render such a movement entirely feasible, I have yet to offer some suggestions as to how it may be accomplished. Since the important thing in the production of art for the Catholic artist is style, and since style may be developed, the answer obviously lies in schools. There must be devised some system of schools in which young Catholics who exhibit signs of artistic talent may obtain their technical training.

But before pursuing the subject of schools further I should like to digress for a short time to consider a movement which in all its characteristics and possibilities coincides admirably with the movement for which I am advocating. That movement is known as the Little Theatre Movement. The movement began around the start of the century, and after periods of various fortune is at present becoming quite prominent. The movement is well signified by its name. Theaters are established in small communities, as an institution of the community and for its benefit. Various types

of plays are presented, from Shakespeare to current Broadway hits. The actors are usually drawn from the community itself, though not always. In the East, especially in New England, where the movement has gained great popularity, it is employed as somewhat of a summer substitute for the regular stage, and celebrated artists are sometimes induced to give performances. In the South also the movement is spreading, most rapidly in Louisiana, although here, unlike in the East, the movement is exclusively a community matter. The most appealing point in this movement is its democratic character.

Some have advocated the adoption of this movement among Catholic parishes, under the union and guidance of some appropriate organization. Certainly most parishes count among their members a sufficient number of persons who are interested in dramatics to make the movement possible. The success of a similar movement in the parishes of Europe augurs well its success also in this country. Surely where this movement started it would offer unlimited opportunity for young Catholic actors. For young Catholic dramatists also would be opened up a vast field of endeavor. This, however, presupposes at least somewhat accomplished writers, so that it would serve not as a means of obtaining technical training but rather as a field of action after the training is completed in the schools.

The question now arises as to what type of school may best serve the purpose. In the consideration of this question the problem is simplified somewhat by its practical limitation to the three arts of music, painting, and sculpture. As far

as the fine art of literature is concerned, prospective writers are afforded ample opportunity in our orthodox Catholic colleges and universities. And as for architecture, the benefits that might be derived from its inclusion in the courses of the proposed training schools would probably not be sufficiently great to warrant its consideration. Now unthinking minds with an eye on the representative arts will immediately wonder why music is not excluded together with architecture. I hope that what I have said in these articles concerning prudence and art will have precluded the possibility of any one's mistaking my meaning of Catholic painting and sculpture. I am not advocating a school or style of painting and sculpture that will prove a substitute for sermons on the gospels. Music is important because of its wide appeal, and therefore for the sake of spreading Catholic culture it is important that we have Catholic composers and musicians.

In planning a system of training schools for young Catholic artists we might take for our model a school in Europe, to my knowledge the only one of its kind in existence. That is the Academie de Saint Luc, in Belgium. It is a Catholic school, and is concerned with the three arts of music, painting, and sculpture. The students are in residence. They first make a thorough study of the history and major works of their respective art. Then under the guidance of accomplished artists and instructors they devote themselves to the practical study and application of the technical laws and skills of the arts.

This is perhaps the ideal type of training school for the purpose, although two other possibilities are apparent.

Schools of the same general character as the Academy of Saint Luke might be established, with the distinction that their activities would be confined to only one of the three arts. Or new departments in our already existing Catholic schools might be created, either as treating all three of the arts or as being restricted to a particular one. It might of course be well for our purpose to utilize all three types of training school.

But whatever be considered the wisest course to pursue, one important point should be heeded. The schools should offer equal opportunity for all. No one should be excluded because of pecuniary limitations. Scholarships should be made available for those of little means who show pronounced talent for any of the arts. The old saw that it is good for artists to be a little hungry may have a grain of truth in it, but one who devotes his energies to so great a thing as art should not be made to subsist on the meager fruits of the earth that chance or the vagarious charities of people provide. It is by no means unlikely that the greatest potential lights of artistic creation have never been illuminated because the taper of technical training was because of material insufficiency nowhere to be found.

That there are many many things yet to be considered relative to the proposal that I have made I fully realize. I have neither the space nor the requisite knowledge and experience to discuss them here. Nevertheless I am entirely confident that, granted the enthusiasm, endurance, patience, the vibrant forces and abundant resources, and especially the concerted effort, all of which I spoke of before, the movement can be accomplished. I

THE CATHOLIC ARTIST

hope that I have made sufficiently plain the desirability and practicability of the whole question.

It is after all a wonderful ideal, the blooming forth again of Catholic art after the long winter through which it has lain unseen. There was a time when life was free and pleasant, when men could live leisurely and fully, untroubled by the multifarious and multitudinous ogres that so haunt us moderns, when the horizon was not forever darkened by vague clouds of war and communism and all such things. Life in those days was not a continuous round of rushing and working and snatching, "par hasard," at the tonic of pleasure. Man lived their lives with an eye always on the life after death, and yet enjoying life and taking what it had to offer with unfeigned thankfulness. There can be no lasting peace, no happiness, no point to life until the lives of men are again filled with that spirit of long ago. That was the Catholic spirit of living; that was the spirit on which was built those masses of exquisite art; that was the ideal philosophy of life that found its expression in art. If we can effect the rebirth of

Catholic art perhaps we can aid in bringing that philosophy again to be the guiding light of human existence. That is the great desideratum of Catholicism today. What the Catholic Literary Revival is accomplishing argues well that we can.

There is every cause for optimism and hope. The centuries will roll onward, the children of men will somehow find their way back to their mother, peace and brotherhood will return, religion will dominate, the Son of Man shall reign, and men may live again. Our times are troubled times and dark. And if the darkness be exceedingly black can the dawn be far removed? And with that dawn Catholic art shall come into its own again. The human race is young; in that vast sea of souls unborn are philosophers of greater wisdom and artists of greater genius than any that have gone before. The grandest cathedrals are still unbuilt, the finest pictures still unpainted, the sweetest music still unplayed, the greatest epic yet unwritten. Perhaps what transpires today will be the scenes and tales of that epic of tomorrow. And may those artists be Catholic artists.



THE MOST POPULAR TOY

By Thomas Anderson '40

Toys were one of the first inventions of mankind. From the age of the cave dwellers to the era of skyscrapers they have found their way into the hearts of the young. Among all the baubles that have been known to humanity, one has ranked first throughout the ages. This toy, the doll, came as a result of the childish instinct to mother something.

Perhaps the Egyptians were familiar with all the animal characters which we know. At least, they were the first nation to have a Donald Duck and a Mickey Mouse, and it is interesting to note that their Mickey Mouse doll was practically the same as the one with which we are familiar today. They were the first civilized nation to cultivate a widespread use of dolls. Their earliest productions were modeled in clay; later, wood carvers fashioned rough images of men and animals with jointed limbs and painted faces.

With the advent of Greek culture, a new era in the history of dolls sprang up. Dolls' houses and furniture became articles with which even the common people were familiar. Other toys were superseded by the popularity of the doll. What is more interesting, miniatures of the instruments used by the priests in the sacrifice were carved, and the children played at having sacrifices for their dolls.

Thus we see how the doll, due to the

civilization of the Egyptians and the Greeks, advanced in popularity in the Western World. But while this was going on, what was the Far East doing? Surely the great dynasties of China and Japan knew of the doll. To the Japanese we owe much, because from them we learned largely how to beautify our toys and create a desire for them in the hearts of men.

For a great many centuries Japan, uninfluenced by the rest of the world, was content to use a planed willow stick with shavings or strings for hair and a smear of white paint for a face. As Japan grew, however, and as ancestor worship flourished, the Nipponese gradually developed a pride in their dolls, until today we gaze with awe when we behold the masterpieces of the Japanese craftsmen. These works of art are exhibited only on the Girls' Festival Day, May 5. At all other times they are kept in transparent cases, or in recesses, and are not played with or even touched.

On the birthday of Buddha, April 8, the people of Korea construct statuettes with rounded bases. The image used is that of a woman known as the Buddhist Daruma. The maker gives it a complete face with the exception of eyes. After the doll has been bought, the purchaser places white discs where the eyes should be, takes it home, and places the statuette on the god shelf. He then says prayers.

THE MOST POPULAR TOY

If his supplications are answered, the god is given eyes.

From Japan the doll became known throughout the East. Even in places of strict Mohammedanism it came into general popularity, in spite of the prohibition of the Koran which forbids the making of anything in the shape of an animal. In India, where infant marriages were everyday occurrences, dolls were often presented to the bride. Imagine a girl of twelve receiving an old gray native and a pretty toy mannequin both on the same day.

Utilization of the doll flourished in Africa, where carved wooden fetishes denoted the trend of the African mind.

However dull and dark the mind of a black was, he truly appreciated his little wooden gods and goddesses which were supposed to protect him.

Not until the dawn of Christianity did the Greeks and the Far East make further progress with their dolls; then a wide and entirely different field opened. The early Christians rapidly connected their dolls with images of the saints, and closely associated them with Christmas. This became especially noticeable during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries when the churches and private homes exhibited splendid replicas of the Stable at Bethlehem.

The village of Sonneburg in the Thuringian forest, Germany, conceived the idea of manufacturing dolls in the seventeenth century. Other hamlets in Germany, France, and Switzerland gradually turned to producing dolls, until now a world-wide industry flourishes among the mountain towns of these three countries.

In all the nations of Europe the doll

became a traditional figure. France, especially, with its finery and lace and silks, developed it into a thing of beauty.

When Columbus discovered the New World, he found that the Indians had known the doll before the white man dreamed of it. Usually the Indian regarded his carving as a deity. The red-skinned sculptors also fashioned models of the masked dancers who impersonated the gods. These dolls prevail today among the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and the Pomeos of California.

Curious customs sprang up in the various tribes due to the invention of the doll. For instance, let us regard the Chippewas. When a baby dies, a doll is made of feathers, which the mother then carries around during the period of mourning. The same care and attention is bestowed on the doll as would have been lavished on the child had it lived. Farther north, the Eskimos and other Northern Indians regard their dolls chiseled from mammoth teeth as sacred.

Dolls were not very important in the early history of the United States due to the difficulty in obtaining them. Later, as manufacturers realized the wide scope that a market for dolls would have, they organized factories for their production. Up to forty-five years ago there was not a single doll plant in the United States. Today there are over one hundred and seventy.

America now leads the world in the production of dolls. With newer and better types coming out almost daily, this toy is increasing in popularity by leaps and bounds. Children in all walks of life are now able to appreciate dolls that can walk, talk, and sleep. No matter where one goes, at least some-

thing that represents a doll will be found. It can safely be said that dolls will remain, as they always have been, the most popular of toys.

THE WOLVERINE STATE

By Robert J. Danehy and Harry C. Klapheke

Although most people believe that Michigan was just a large tract of land inhabited by the necessary number of people that Congress demanded before a territory could become a state, with the exception of the thirteen colonies it had as much trouble as, if not more than, any other state in gaining admission to the Union. Through two centuries of hardship and toil it fought its way to recognition. Michigan may be called the Alsace-Lorraine of the United States, for it seems that this territory could not exist unless someone was fighting over it. Even long before the white men ever came to this section of the country the Ojibwas, Ottawas, and Potawathomis, the three major Indian tribes that dwelt there, fought many bloody battles against such minor tribes as the Hurons, Sacs, and Foxes, who attempted to hunt in their domain. A somewhat detailed account of some of the vicissitudes through which this territory passed before its charter was ratified by Congress one hundred years ago may prove interesting and enlightening.

Already in the year 1634, Jean Nicolet sailed through the straits of Mackinac, and by that very fact was the first white

man to see what is now the state of Michigan. As the agent of Champlain he was, in the interest of trade, seeking a passage to the South Seas. He was unsuccessful in this, of course, but he explored the land of Michigan before he returned to the forces of his commander. A few years later, however, the two Jesuits, Fathers Jogues and Raymbault, made their appearance at Sault Sainte Marie. Bringing the word of Christ, they preached to the Ojibwa Indians until called by death. These three were, therefore, Michigan's first white citizens.

About 1665 more priests came to this unsettled country to take up the work of their predecessors. Among these were Father Dablon and Father Marquette. Realizing the possibilities of such a land, both religious and commercial, they made plans to establish permanent settlements. In 1668 Father Dablon organized the first settlement of importance, Sault Sainte Marie. A few years later Father Marquette established the second at Michilimackinac.

For the protection of incoming white people, the French erected a fort at Michilimackinac and placed Antoine de la Motte Cadillac in its command. After

THE WOLVERINE STATE

serving faithfully for many years he came to the conclusion that the only way a nation could survive was by establishing forts at points where they would give the most protection. Consequently he traveled to the south-eastern tract of land which terminated at Lake Saint Clair and Lake Ontario, where he made many explorations before he came upon a point which he considered most strategic, the present site of Detroit, which developed into Michigan's greatest metropolis.

In 1763, at the close of the French and English Wars, all of Canada and the Great Lakes region passed from the French to the English. As the English were unfriendly toward the Indians, war was inevitable. Under the great Ottawa chief, Pontiac, the tribes united as one and marched to battle. From the Straits of Mackinac to the Atlantic seaboard the Indians attacked the British people, forts, and garrisons. They captured Mackinac and massacred many nearby garrisons. At Detroit, however, the British repelled Pontiac's siege, although he himself conducted it, and eventually defeated his forces. Once more Michigan was to enjoy peace for a short time.

Michigan was slowly but surely developing into a united territory. As the population increased the United States Government saw the advantage of making this valuable land her own. The chance came when John Jay, an American statesman, brought about a treaty which surrendered the Michigan territory to the United States from Great Britain. Not until two years later, however, did the American soldiers take possession of the chief fort of Michigan, Detroit.

Meanwhile General Hull, through a

method of his own, secured from the Indians a large area of this land toward the southeast. The Indians, realizing their mistake too late and attempting to rectify it, started a rebellion, which could be settled only by force. General Harrison was put in command of the forces that were to stop this uprising. At the battle of Tippecanoe he completely overpowered the native troops and sent most of them to their death. This battle in turn caused the War of 1812, wherein for the last time before her admission into the union, Michigan was subjected to deadly conflict by the British.

On July 17, 1812, under the leadership of General Brock, the British took possession of Detroit; General Hull, commanding officer of the American forces, surrendered without ordering his troops to fire a shot. Because of the indignation of his soldiers and of the nation over this cowardly act, Hull was court-martialed and ordered to be shot, but Thomas Jefferson, then president, after careful consideration of the case, pardoned him because of his previous honorable record in the Revolution.

Great Britain had control over Michigan for a little more than a year when on Lake Erie, Commodore Perry, with the skill of a genius, brought the British fleet to destruction. Later the crippled British forces were again defeated by General Harrison at the River Thames, and once more the territory of Michigan was in the hands of the United States. This time it was to stay.

In the next ten years its boundaries were extended; large areas of land adjacent to and including the Saginaw and Grand River valleys were secured from

the Indians by Louis Cass, an ex-brigadier general of the United States army. He was not only the important factor in procuring this land; he was also the first governor of the Michigan Territory, appointed to this trust by the president. Michigan at this time had acquired all the land that it has today with the exception of a small part of the upper peninsula and another small portion of the lower. She was ready in every way for admission into the union, but was not to gain admission without one more controversy.

When President Jackson sent a letter to Congress, recommending the accept-

ance of Michigan as a state, Ohio raised a commotion about the southern boundary of this territory which caused a delay. During the boundary dispute, however, the people of Michigan, confident of admission, adopted a constitution to be used later on as well as at that very time to govern their legislature. De facto Michigan became a state Nov. 1, 1835; technically it was not admitted into the union until after the Ohio-Michigan boundary dispute had been settled, when by an act of Congress it received its charter Jan. 26, 1837, the twenty-fifth state to subscribe to the federal constitution.

ALMOST LOST

By Richard J. Trame '38

Synopsis: After the death of her mother, Ina Bantley finds herself quite alone in life. Wholly by accident she meets a charming intern, Doctor Dave Luxen, who falls madly in love with her. Not being ready for marriage, Ina rejects his proposal and hastily decides to visit New York. Before she leaves, however, Dave promises to wait until her return with the hope that she will change her mind.

In New York, Ina meets the distinguished Mrs. Charlotte L'Ardell and through her acquaintance receives an invitation to Jeanne Carlson's masquerade ball. After returning to her apartment,

Ina is awakened from a sound sleep by a loud knock. The intruder proves to be a handsome, young drunkard, whom Ina is forced to succor, because he faints into her arms.

PART THREE

In spite of her gallant efforts to read, Ina dozed. When she awakened the first grayness of dawn was beginning to fill the room. With a start Ina noticed that her uninvited guest had turned on his pillow and now lay with his blue eyes carefully devouring her.

With an apologetic smile he swung his feet clumsily to the floor. Then, as the sunburst of fine lines deepened

about his eyes, he asked, "How did I get here, and you too for that matter?"

"You were looking for Mrs. L'Ardell."

"Well, where is she?" he demanded.

"More than likely waiting on her drunken boy-friend to take her to Jeanne Carlson's masquerade ball," snapped Ina rather sarcastically.

"Oh," he added laconically, dropping the matter immediately. Then, turning to light a cigarette, he continued, "Maybe I had better leave."

"Wait and drink a cup of coffee first," suggested Ina.

"Better yet, why not join me for breakfast, downstairs? Please."

Ina liked his boyish voice when he asked her to do this. It reminded her somewhat of little Jackie, who, having done something wrong, was begging forgiveness. "I will, providing you wash up a bit."

"Look here, Miss —."

"Ina Bantley," informed Ina.

"Miss Bantley, I'm not always such a cad. Let's both forget about last night and be friends."

"I guess it won't hurt," replied Ina carelessly. "Since I'm in New York for only a few more weeks nobody will recognize me."

Her guest reddened at this sharp rebuke, but politely refrained from answering. Yet, as Ina prepared to leave, he stood closely by watching her every move. As she turned toward him he spoke.

"Miss Bantley, if you would rather not go with me, I can take care of myself."

"Oh, hush up!" replied Ina. "Let's have breakfast together; then you go your way, and I'll continue on mine. None will be the wiser for the entire affair."

"Just as you prefer, Miss Bantley."

Disregarding his rather dissipated appearance, the intruder proved himself to be very enjoyable company. After he had repeatedly ignored all reference to himself Ina became somewhat curious of his name and circumstances. Almost as if he read her inner thoughts his manner changed from casual dallying to competent manliness.

"You are a very persistent young lady, aren't you?"

"Why?" asked Ina.

"Just a few careful observations on my part. To ease your mind, my name is Thomas Keller, and honestly I do think you are a very charming lady. Now may I have the enviable privilege of really showing you New York?"

Completely ignoring his flattery, Ina answered, "But I have seen most of the city already."

"I doubt that very much. I'll wager that there are many points of vital interest that you have missed," argued Mr. Keller.

"I do not know what I have missed," replied Ina.

"If you say so I will show you more of New York in one afternoon than you have seen all the time that you have been here," he boasted.

Being very persistent he finally persuaded Ina to accompany him that afternoon in seeing the high lights of the city. His parting words were, "I will call for you about three o'clock. Then I promise to prove that I am not the heel that I appeared last night."

Promptly at twelve Ina ordered lunch. After dining she spent much more time than usual on her hair and finally completed her toilet by donning her new

russet suit with her most becoming blouse. A look in the mirror rather startled Ina, for the difference in her appearance since coming to New York was very noticeable.

Mr. Keller was decidedly late in making his appearance, but he had made splendid use of his time. His skin was fresh, his eyes clear, while his light tweed suit was extremely becoming to a man of his size and bearing. With a hurried greeting, he piled Ina into a waiting taxi and ordered the driver to cruise about the city until they decided where to go. Repeatedly Ina forgot watching New York, in the interest of listening to his lively conversation. He talked about Italy, about Paris, about London. He drew freely on his own experience for subjects with which to fascinate her; yet what he told was cleverly impersonal, being related for its own value.

After spending a short time in Central Park, Tommie directed the driver down Fifth Avenue to Eighth Street. Perhaps he had forgotten the number of her building, thought Ina, and readily supplied the omission.

He looked at her rather hurt. "Are you very busy this evening? I had hoped that you would come up and see my office."

"Your office?" queried Ina incredulously, showing the remembrance of her date with Ted Morris from her mind.

"Well, I live there too," explained Tommie. "I have the whole top floor, where I live, write and think."

"You mean that you're an author?"

"Those are my aspirations. At present I am a humble story writer."

"Stories? Magazine stories?"

"Mostly. I did write one novel, how-

ever. *Three Streets*, it was called," enlightened Tommie.

"I felt within me that you did something like that," explained Ina spontaneously.

His workroom was not at all what she had expected. It had a skylight, and near the large north windows a mahogany desk carefully placed to get a good deal of light. The desk was repletely littered with papers, books, pencils, and pipes. The walls were lined with crammed bookcases, while two small stands were covered with even more books. This was certainly a beehive of activity without the least semblance of ever having been cleaned.

"Gee, this must be interesting work," said Ina rather wistfully glancing about the entire study.

"It is very interesting. At the same time it affords me a respectable income," answered Tommie dryly. "You will stay to dinner, won't you? Father and I usually dine here together at six, and we always welcome a guest."

Looking up from the book which she was perusing Ina ventured, "Does your father live here too?"

"Certainly. He is my teacher, critic, and boss, all rolled into one," came Tommie's proud reply.

"If I stay will you take me home immediately after dinner?"

"If you insist."

"All right, you have a guest for dinner," agreed Ina happily.

Ina was thoroughly pleased with Tommie's father. He reminded her greatly of her own dead parent. Almost instantly a warm friendship sprang up between them, which fact delighted Tommie, because his father usually balked

ALMOST LOST

on most of the women who frequented his table.

After dinner Mr. Keller and Tommie so completely filled every minute that Ina could keep no account of the swift passing of time. When finally she did break away Mr. Keller insisted upon her coming to lunch on the morrow.

As the dim light of a reading lamp spread its glow of warmth throughout the salon of Ina's apartment Tommie asked, "Did you enjoy yourself enough to come again tomorrow?"

"I would not miss that opportunity for a million others."

"Really?"

"Really." Ina's heart throbbed wildly as she looked into Tommie's penetrating, blue eyes. At that moment his eyes were a very beautiful blue, as full of lights and deep mysteries as the rolling waters of the Mediterranean. Instinctively she crept into his open arms. "Tommie — Tommie, I never felt like this before in my life. Why, I hardly know you, yet it seems —."

Her hungry lips were silenced under Tommie's fervent kiss. "Ina darling, I never knew that love could be so strange. I am happier now than I have ever been. It just seems as if everything was planned this way."

For a moment they remained in the blissful sweep of their love. Then Tommie declared his intention of leaving. As he turned to go he kissed her again with the promise to call for her on the morrow at eleven.

The tiny ivory clock on Ina's dressing table marked two before her shining eyes closed in peaceful slumber. "Just what makes me cherish Tommie's love when

for so long I have rejected the affection of Dave," thought Ina. When finally the sand man did close her eyes in sleep she opened her heart to permit the happiness of her new-found love to fill it to overflowing.

At eleven o'clock Mr. Keller called for her. "Sorry Ina, but Tommie is busily working on a new story, so I am substituting. Now tell me just what happened between you two last night."

"Oh, nothing," answered Ina blushing.

"Why lie to me? Do you know that Tommie has not been so ambitious since he finished his book. I seriously believe that you can help him, Ina, if you care," concluded Mr. Keller earnestly.

During the long drive to the Keller apartment the aged father proudly told Ina all about his son, his work, his life, and his ambitions. The more he told, the greater became the throbbing in her breast. She greedily devoured every morsel of her lover's earthly existence.

"Ina dear," shouted Tommie as she shyly entered his study. "Hurry, you must read the plot of my new story. This is going to be colossal, with you as the heroine. It is bound to sell. Pardon me, dear, for I am slightly crazy this morning, and nothing can stop me."

With eager interest Ina read the haphazard notes that were handed to her. "Where do I come in? I do not seem to understand any of this. Maybe I'm dumb."

"Maybe you are, I don't know as yet," remarked Tommie jokingly. "First, we will eat some lunch, then I will decide your case."

Ina never enjoyed a meal so much in her life. Tommie was rolling in a fine

frenzy and seemed to impart his rapt intoxication to both Ina and Mr. Keller. As the young author unraveled his mental brain storm one could almost sense the intensity of his feeling.

"This positively cannot fail," declared Tommie forcefully. "It is the best that I have ever done."

Mr. Keller broke up the trio by stating his intention of attending the ball game. "You children can work on that story until I return. This evening I will read it," he decided, while a twinkling smile glowed in his brown eyes.

All afternoon Tommie wrote feverishly with only occasional rests for a cigarette. Ina pounded the typewriter until she thought her fingers would break; yet helping Tommie made her so happy that she fervently prayed for a never-ending afternoon. Quiet as he was, Ina could hear his love constantly speaking to her.

Thus passed an entire week; working side by side with Tommie, always saying good night with the warm tingling of his last kiss on her crimson lips. Then one evening when completely fatigued by the relentless pace of the two men, Ina suggested a rest.

"Right," agreed Mr. Keller, "Ina is not used to this work. You two go out and enjoy yourself, while I go down to the club and shoot some billiards."

Tommie readily subscribed to the plan. "Take a taxi to your rooms and put on your glad rags, for we are going to see some real New York night life. Be ready in an hour."

Once again in her own apartment Ina carefully dressed herself for the evening. All the while she was arranging her toilet her heart sang a song of love and de-

votion. A light knock awoke Ina from her musings.

"All ready, darling?" shouted Tommie.

"Just a minute. I can't find my lipstick."

"You won't need it, and furthermore I would rather see you without it."

"You're the boss. Since you do not care how I look, I will not even powder my nose."

The orchestra just swung into the romantic melody, "Chapel in the Moonlight," as the two lovers walked into the colorful cabaret. In blissful harmony they swayed and shuttled to the scintillating rhythm of the music. They danced in such unison that they ceased to speak, ceased almost to breathe, but only danced on in perfect rhythm.

"Darling, you dance as you look — like an angel."

"Flatterer."

"No, honest Injun," said Tommie as he escorted her to their table.

Many hours were happily spent dancing, meeting some of Tommie's many friends, and listening to the languishing words that Tommie continually poured into her receptive ear. Then quite suddenly something happened that changed Ina's dream paradise into a rather painful reality.

From the bar came a handsome young man who slapped Tommie exultantly on the back saying, "Well if it isn't the old playboy flying about on the light fantastic toe again. Seriously, Tommie, where have you been hiding yourself for these past few weeks?"

"I have been working on a new book. Hal, I want you to meet Miss Ina Bantley. Ina, this is Hal Carford, another writer," introduced Tommie. "Draw up

ALMOST LOST

a chair and join us. The cocktails are fine."

"I found that out some time ago."

"So I notice," said Tommie sarcastically.

"How do you do, Miss Bantley," he acknowledged as he slumped into an empty chair.

This young journalist proved very loquacious and somewhat entertaining, though obviously under the influence of too many cocktails. "Say, Tommie,

Gladys has been anxious to see you since she returned from Europe," stated Hal nonchalantly.

"Gladys who?" asked Ina quickly, then felt sorry she had even noticed the remark.

"Gladys Leonards, the stage star, who ran away to Europe to mend a broken heart. She and —."

"Let's dance," interrupted Tommie rudely.

To be continued

AFTERNOON SKY

by

William Callahan '37

A bit of wind-blown ocean
As it pounds the foamy surf
Spins a mist across the sky,

While a downy bit of young ewes' fleece
As they graze on lush green turf
Makes a fleecy veil on high,

And a bit of blue of amethyst
Set on white of maiden's wrist
Lets the veil on bluets lie.

ON MEMORIZING

By Robert Kaple '38

From early childhood until the day we shuffle off this mortal coil, we are confronted constantly with problems, the solution of which are utterly impossible without the prompting influence of past experience. Without repeated reference to the past there can be no adequate understanding of the present; no planning for the future. Experience, we are always ready to admit, is of primary importance in all human undertaking. But were it not for the all-important faculty of memory our past experience would avail us nothing because it is by virtue of this faculty that we are enabled to recall and utilize experiences of the past. For students, whose chief aim is the acquiring and storing up of knowledge for future reference, memory is of paramount importance.

Involved in the task of committing things to memory are certain particular conditions, chief of which are the following three: vividness of impression; frequency of repetition; recentness of impression.

Obviously, the deeper, the more intense, or the more penetrating the initial impression, the more profound will be the imprint, and hence, the more lasting the effect. The more lasting the effect the easier will be the recall. Often one experiences the greatest difficulty in recalling the most recent events, while childhood experiences seem to crowd the

mind with a clearness that is astonishing. Who cannot remember with surprising vividness the first big football game he ever attended? Who will ever deny that the first aeroplane ride furnished him with a thrill that he will never forget? Barrett says, "to impress an object deeply into the mind it is necessary only to manifest a deep interest in the experience together with an intense application of the power of attention."

The second condition, that of frequency of repetition, requires little explanation. By constantly repeating that which is to be remembered, the mind and the original impression become so welded that the frail link of recognition becomes as a strong iron band. To demonstrate the value of this condition we have only to observe the ordinary everyday experiences. A football team, given a new set of plays, will not master them in a single practice session, but by hammering away for practice after practice these plays are soon learned; the team is clicking.

Recentness of impression, the third condition, is very important from a student's standpoint. Events of yesterday are much easier to recall than those of the more remote past. It is only with the greatest difficulty that one is able to recall events of a year or two ago. Yesterday's events, however, crowd the mind in great profusion. A wise student, there-

ON MEMORIZING

fore, will aim to keep the subject matter of each branch comparatively recent. This effect can be realized, in part at least, by developing the habit of reviewing every week or ten days. Naturally time will not always permit a review of this frequency, but a mere perusal will render surprisingly favorable results. "The spontaneous character of the acts of the mind in recalling past mental images was recognized by Aristotle and St. Thomas. Recent psychologists have made it the basis of that system of psychology which is known as Associationism, which represents the mind itself as a cluster of mental associations whose separate elements appear and reappear according to certain fixed laws."¹ These laws are known as the laws of mental association, and when our mind is functioning normally, they are responsible for acts of spontaneous reproduction. The memory, directed by these laws, serves as the vehicle in which past images are transmitted to the present moment, at which time they are spontaneously reproduced with infallible accuracy. Thus one is enabled to distinguish the street on which he lives from countless other streets in a large city.

The laws of mental association are: the law of contiguity; the law of similarity; and the law of contrast. The law of contiguity refers to contacts or associations in space or time. We might define this law as the tendency of the mind to recall past events or experiences that are closely connected, in either space or time, with those now manifested in the memory. The recall of mental images, for example, that result from revisiting or mus-

ing about the locality in which the sense-experience took place, are associations of space. Quite involuntarily these memories will cause the recall of objects which are closely connected with them. Home, mother, father, sister, brother, friends, all suggest each other. Some radio band strikes up the St. Joseph fight song, and immediately the conversation is turned to the prospects of winning this week's game. Associations belonging to a series of mental events are called associations of time. The mere mention of a word will frequently suggest a train of thoughts.

Almost self-evident is the meaning behind the law of similarity. It formulates the truth that present mental pictures will tend to recall past impressions of a similar or identical nature. "You know, Charles reminds me a lot of George," is a commonplace expression, but it demonstrates very clearly the law of similarity.

The law of contrast, which means that the mind has a natural tendency to reproduce the opposite of a present phantasm or experience, is perhaps the least important of the three. If, for example, somebody mentions the word "sharp," quickly and quite involuntarily the antonym "dull" is suggested. This tendency is exemplified in the preparation of an address. If the purpose of the oration is to convince the audience of the logic in a certain plan of action, one is quite naturally inclined to contrast the proposed plan with its direct opposite, which is known to be condemned.

Students are constantly called upon to

1. Pyne., *The Mind*, p. 198.

exercise the faculty of memory. Naturally then students should be vitally interested in the methods of memorizing. Thanks to the experimental study of memory it is possible to give suggestions for the practical work of memorizing that are based upon very definite data.

To commit to memory any kind of connected narrative, an analysis of the sequence of thought would seem most important. We can hardly expect to learn what we do not understand. Practical experience seems to bear out the truth of this statement. That which is thoroughly understood is much more easily remembered than that which must be retained in a purely mechanical fashion.

Experiments have demonstrated the fact that lengthy material can best be memorized in uniform sections. When material is committed to memory in unified portions, each portion having a linking word or phrase which suggests the following section, our memory is obeying the law of association. In learning a speech by heart, for example, the proper method would be to read through the whole in order to visualize it; then learn each paragraph separately, making the last sentence of each paragraph the linking phrase for the following paragraph.

"Good memorizing is really good thinking, and any improvement in memory is mainly an improvement in attention and in the method of thinking."² Concentration of thought, therefore, would seem almost indispensable in the efforts to acquire a good memory. What, for example, would a student realize from a

course in psychology or logic if the first few chapters were not studied deliberately and with concentration of thought?

It has also been found that the best results are obtained from the memory if the material to be retained is distributed over some period of time. There is nothing difficult to understand about this truth. To memorize a long poem or a lengthy speech at one sitting would be practically impossible unless the person possesses a phenomenal mind. However, given a week or ten days, even the most ordinary mind will experience little or no difficulty.

Securing recentness, however, must not be confused with cramming. Cramming means crowding into the memory ideas that have not been sufficiently related or organized to form a well-knit system of thought. In the process of memory ideas are assimilated. It is impossible to speed up the process of memory by cramming. The result is quite the opposite of the one desired; cramming brings confusion and distortion.

Besides the aids just mentioned there exist two other means, namely, exaggeration and visualization, by which things can be stamped more firmly on the mind. Exaggeration, which simply means a mental enlargement of the thing to be remembered, is perhaps the most frequently employed. The eyes of Eddie Cantor or the nose of Jimmie Durante are played up by publicity men and motion picture companies for commercial purposes. The psychological purpose or effect is obvious. The mere sight of an abnormal "schnozz" or saucer eyes will

2. Barrett, J. F., *Elements of Psychology*, p. 74.

WHAT PRICE ROMANCE

instantly suggest Durante or Cantor.

The other means by which the retentiveness of impressions can be greatly insured is visualization. By means of visualization pictorial vividness is given to all sense impressions.. Experiments

have proved that impressions made on the mind through the sense of sight are by far the easier to recall. "Visualization, if properly employed, may prove to be one of the most valuable adjuncts to the power of reminiscence."³

3. Barrett, J. F., *Elements of Psychology*, p. 76.

WHAT PRICE ROMANCE

By William Callahan '37

Health and energy fairly radiated from Barry Desmond's tall, broad-shouldered frame, as he leaned against the cattle fence. The gently warm October sun played full upon his well-tanned features, and sent dancing shadows from the nearby oaks to keep in rhythm with his thoughts. Those thoughts were many and rambling this late afternoon. Slowly grinning, he remembered how funny his situation might be if it weren't so abominably serious.

Here he was — Barry Desmond III, millionaire, wizard of Wall Street, satellite of society — working on a miserably common Indiana farm. Six months ago, when under doctor's orders he came here to the farm of his father's old friend, Joe Markey, he was a sick man. He had come partly on a lark; but feeling his bulging muscle, and remembering those days of plowing, harvesting, and cutting corn under a raging hot sun, he decided that he had got more than he bargained

for. But this was not all, and here his thoughts again clustered about their focal point; he had fallen in love and was falling deeper every minute. And hang it all, there was the rub; he wasn't supposed to be in love.

Karen Devlin! The name slipped off his lips almost subconsciously. The very euphony of the syllables set his nerves tingling. For tonight was the night. It was now or never. At seven-thirty tonight he was to meet Karen as she finished her work at the Stop and Sup lunchroom in Douglas, the little country town about a mile and a half from the farm. And then, in Joe Markey's Model A, they would drive out and around a beautiful little resort and lake that skirted the edge of town. This drive in the twilight had become almost a tradition in the three short months of their acquaintance. On these peaceful excursions, perhaps imbued with the solemnness of the summer dusk, they had

learned to confide in each other.

Karen had told him of her work in the restaurant, of how she had to scrimp and save to make her budget work out on her meager salary. He in turn had told her of his work on the farm, but he had left her with the impression that he had been a farmer all his life, afraid that if she learned his real position she would refuse to see him. This, however, could not go on. He would have to tell her sooner or later, and tonight was at last the time.

He had somewhat prepared her already, he reflected, by telling her that tonight he should have something very special to say to her. He had also planned just how he would tell her, and he hoped against hope that he had made his plans well. In a few minutes he would go in and put on the one suit that he had brought along from New York, a suit tailored by his own exclusive clothier. And tonight, for the first time in months, he would shed every vestige of his rustic surroundings. Then he would cautiously lead up to the subject, tell her who he really was, why he was here, ask her forgiveness, and tell her no matter what, he would still love her and nothing would make any difference as far as his affection was concerned. With this final resolve, he thoughtfully sauntered back to the farm house.

"My," exclaimed Barry two hours later as he stepped from the Model A in front of the Stop and Sup; "you look even prettier than usual tonight, Karen. That dress is most becoming."

Karen, radiantly charming in a simple blue sports ensemble, and seemingly as foreign to the Stop and Sup as a silk hat is to a harness store, paused a moment

in front of the restaurant to watch the happy admiration in Barry's face, then danced gracefully over to his side. "Oh, silly, you've seen this dress so often. But thanks anyway. Now let's get into the car. I've got a whole lot of things I want to say. In fact, I imagine I'll keep you listening for the next hour or so."

"But Karen, I really wanted to..."

Suddenly serious, Karen interrupted, "Yes, Barry dear, I know you wanted to say something very important. That's just the reason I want to tell you my story first. I think, at least I hope, I know what you want to say. And I hope not, but I'm afraid that after I've finished, maybe you won't want to say what you were going to say."

"Why of course, Karen," replied Barry as he shifted the rickety Ford into high; "if you have something to say, dear, go right ahead. Mine can wait that long. But I don't see how anything you say can possibly change my mind about what I was going to tell you."

"Well, we shall see. But, Barry, before I begin, I want to ask your forgiveness."

"Forgiveness?"

"Yes, Barry, and if you can't forgive me altogether, at least forgive me as much as you can."

"Sure, I forgive you, but for what? You haven't done anything wrong."

"Oh, but I have. I've deceived you all along. I'm really not Karen Devlin. My real name is Kathryn Melvin, I don't live in Douglas. And I don't have to work in the Stop and Sup."

"What!"

"Yes, Barry, my father is John L. Melvin of Chicago, the millionaire broker and sportsman. He is really a swell

WHAT PRICE ROMANCE

sport, Barry; I know you'd like him. You see, it was this way. I was getting sick and tired of going to one sophisticated, boring, debutante, subdebutante or Junior League affair after another, and of having insipid young men tagging after me all the time. I wanted something new, something adventurous. Especially I wanted to go out and get a job and live on my own for a while. And if I should have any romance, I'd know it wouldn't be on account of my money. So I told dad about it, who after a little coaxing consented to send me down here with a letter to Mrs. Waller who runs the Stop and Sup, because they went to grade school together and are still friends. She gave me a job, and here I am. Please forgive me for

not telling you everything. I was afraid that if I told you you wouldn't want to see me any more, or if you did, it would be on account of my money. I didn't want that. Now if you still want to say something, Barry, it's all right."

"You little minx! Of course you're forgiven. I only wish I could have forgiven you long ago; it would have saved me a lot of headaches. Yes, I've still got plenty to say, even more than before. But right now all I've got to say is that I want a certain party by the name of Melvin to change her name to Desmond. Agreed? Hurrah! And now we're going to head this jollop straight for Chicago, and on the way up I'll tell you my story.

CATHEDRAL OF MILAN

by

Richard J. Trame '38

Like chimes your bird-tongued bells at candlelight
Resound from moon-bathed, mounting monuments,
Who with their sword heads stab the heavy night,
And like hot flames blaze toward the firmaments.
Yet like a maiden's folded hands they list
Assistance from the throne of God our King.
As swiftly swirling spears they cleave the mist;
Then soar; then fade as heavenward they swing.

Within the sanctum of your ornate wall,
A God in all His splendor watches o'er
Each praying sinner lest he slip and fall,
And helps him to walk gladly through your door.
Oh! soaring font keep fighting for the sky,
And may your grandeur live and never die.

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EDITORIALS

The Catholic Press Against Indifferentism

In this our modern day, the enormous power and influence of the Press can be questioned by no one. The only question which can be adequately raised is whether the world is not actually being ruled, directly or indirectly, by the Press. Through an earnest perusal of a daily paper one's mind and eye are impressed by the sensationalism of modern journalistic style, which is brought home to the mental perception by screaming headlines, not merely in the papers themselves, but vocally at every street corner; one is stunned by the shallow eloquence of many of the writers, and the air of confident certitude cultivated by them. These and numerous other factors combine to impart an atmosphere of authenticity to the popular contention that we are governed not by Congress but by the Press.

What then is the attitude of this Herculean power toward Catholicism? The Press, generally speaking, is enormously less antagonistic toward Catholic tenets than it was two generations ago. The attacks on, and the misrepresentations of, the Church, which were written some thirty or forty years ago, would not be tolerated in any respectable newspaper of today. Today the newspapers climb behind the concealing bulwark of indifferentism in regard to the Catholic religion,

We may safely define this journalistic indifference as a lackadaisical hovering between conclusions and coming to none. Such a state of mind, if habitual, prevents a progressive conduct of life even in purely temporal matters. Thankfully, however, it is not a permanent condition of the human mind. The mind thinks, correctly or incorrectly, and correct thinking is a process leading to a definite conclusion. Is it to be supposed, therefore, that a predicament of indifference on the most important of all subjects, the great question of man's eternal destiny, is likely to prove a permanent condition in the mind of the secular Press? No, it cannot be so. Indifferentism is no more likely to be a lasting status than is the ruthless Civil War in Spain. It is a transient state — a gradual swinging from one pole to another.

Now — this very moment — is the opportune time for our own distinctively Catholic periodicals and papers to mould and mirror the future public opinion. It is for Catholic journalism to do its utmost, in every legitimate fashion, so that, when this present flood of indifferentism subsides, it may be followed by a favorable state of affairs, rather than a hostile one, to Catholics and Catholicism on the part of the Press. Toward this goal individuals must be encouraged; literary work already being done must be sponsored and enormously increased; in short, a greater stimulus must necessarily be given to the Catholic Press.

R.J.T. '38

The Catholic Press and Its Problem

The year 1936, the harbinger of many unprecedented events, saw the world's Catholic Press Exhibition in Rome bring to the front quantities of Catholic periodical literature of all nations. Indeed it is said that one of the Pope's principal reasons for the exhibit was to show not only the progress and the amount but also the quality of the modern Catholic Press — its defects and its merits.

Large numbers of significant problems are raised the instant the Catholic Press is mentioned. Those problems of waste of talent and capital due to the lack of organization and co-operation; those of finance, education and nationality are certainly important. But they are not the most difficult. Above all these rises the greater problem of a Catholic Press thoroughly synchronized with twentieth century thought and methods, yet ever conscious of the basic factors — conflict and change. Every phase of life as our ancestors knew it — social, economic, philosophical — is struggling to maintain dominance under the welter of rapid change in the new order of things. The bewilderment of rapid change and ever-threatening insecurity has driven man to lose sight of his immaterial end in the race for economic existence. In the confusion of the struggle for bare existence the fight is simply that of godliness against extreme materialism.

The Advent pastoral letter of the hierarchy of England and Wales con-

firms this statement, and in addition says that the Catholic Press is one of the most important auxiliaries of Catholic Action. Further, the hierarchy suggests the establishment of a Catholic Press Sunday to show the attractiveness and the need of a Catholic-interpreted news.

In solving its greatest problem the task of the Catholic Press is the concise and attractively-interpreted presentation of all current affairs. Several American Catholic periodicals of distinction and enviable reputation have been trying to meet this problem. The number and distribution of such periodicals, however, is small in comparison to the need. As a solution the *Commonweal* of December twelfth, in discussing editorially this problem, suggests the possibility of some workable scheme planned with the daily newspapers for a section devoted to Catholic thought and opinion on current affairs, since the resources of the diocesan papers are already overtaxed.

Interpretation of all current affairs implies the fact that the realm of the Catholic Press extends beyond the purely ecclesiastical; it permeates the most remote extents of the secular world. This does not mean, however, that the Catholic Press in any way takes unto itself the rights and the duties of Caesar. It does mean that the Catholic Press is concerned with all those matters that pertain to helping man know, and inspiring him to live in accordance with, divine moral laws. Here, broadly speaking, lies the great problem.

J. K. '39

CRITICISM

Books

THE ODES, EPODES, AND ART OF POETRY
OF HORACE

Translated by John B. Quinn

"We sing of love and wine and young
men's scars,
From maiden's polished nails in
bloodless wars."

Despite the fact that Horace is oft-times seen playing his joyful role in the train of Venus and Bacchus, he had a far deeper aim in life. Horace was first, last, and forever a priest of the Muses. In his swan song he has uttered his life-long desire, namely, the immortality of his verse:

"Upborne on pinions strong and rare
I shall no longer here remain
But as a bird of song through air
Shall soar above the envious train."

Again, in his "Epitaph" he says:

"I've built my monument outlasting
brass."

And in bold inscription he proudly declared to all the world the full realization of this noble ambition:

"That I lowborn waxed great and
first conveyed
To Latin melodies Aeolic song."

Not through wine and love, then, may the heart of Horace best be touched, but through his sacrifices on the altar of the

Muses. Any contribution to the immortality of his song would find highest favor with the Roman bard. Well must Mr. John B. Quinn have realized this when, in 1936, he contributed his share to the celebration of Horace's bimillennium, a charming English translation of all the odes, epodes, and the Art of Poetry of Horace, complete in one volume, a limited edition of 300 copies.

The book is prefaced with Mr. Quinn's own "Vade Mecum," a delightfully unique invitation to the treasures to be found in the pages that follow. A brief and interesting summary of Horace's life and works, including comments on several individual odes, is another feature of the volume. With one statement of Mr. Quinn, however, we must take exception. He overemphasizes the reverence (if reverence it may be called) and the use, which the early Christian Fathers exhibited and made of the Sibyls as prophecies of the coming of the Messiah. Regarding the so-called Messianic Eclogue of Virgil (a translation of which is included in the introduction) it is admitted by scholars that the poet was able to become acquainted with the Jewish prophecies concerning the Messiah at that time; most scholars, however, nowadays claim that Virgil did not at all intend to foretell the coming of the Messiah, but that his fourth Eclogue was rather a glorification of the reign of Augustus and that the poet's wonder-boy was the heir, supposedly male, expected

from his wife, Scribonia. The idea, therefore, that the Fathers revered Sibyls as prophecies of the coming of Christ is false.

The translation of the odes themselves is indeed excellent. First of all, the translator has studied Horace thoroughly, has grasped his ideas, then transferred them faithfully into good English poetry. He has adhered to the Latin spirit and terseness of the original, at the same time varying his translation enough to suit the material to the best English idiom. It is not a cut-and-dried Latin-like rendition, but the true Horatian soul couched in an elegant modern English verse.

No longer must the young student who does not study Latin forego the pleasure of reading Horace's works and the culture resulting therefrom; no longer need the young student have the same experience as Lord Byron, who wrote in his "Childe Harold;"

"Then farewell Horace; whom I
hated so,
Not for thy faults but mine; it is
a curse
To understand, not feel thy lyric
flow,
To comprehend, but never love thy
verse,
Although no deeper Moralist re-
hearse,
Our little life, nor bard prescribe
his art,
Nor livelier Satirist the conscience
pierce,
Awakening without wounding the
touch'd heart,
Yet fare thee well — upon Soracte's
ridge we part."

For through the golden medium of Mr. Quinn's translation, which brings Horace right into our own life and language, the student will be enabled more easily to obtain a true knowledge and an appreciation of the renowned Latin author. Through him many more may at last joyfully exclaim: *Greetings, Horace!* Upon Soracte's ridge we *meet!*

Of course, just as the herald is never so great as his king, so the translator seldom equals the author; yet both herald and translator are necessary for the world-wide fame of their masters. And if great be the king or author, then great in proportion will be the herald or translator. Such is Mr. John B. Quinn, a true and faithful herald of the immortal bard of Roman song.

James Hinton '38

THE WELL OF ENGLISH
by *Blanche Mary Kelly*

A hearty welcome is in place for Blanche Mary Kelly's *The Well of English*, a welcome merited from several viewpoints. The work is exhaustive, touching upon every notable author from Cadmon to Masfield; it is scholarly, evidencing a profound knowledge of the subject on the part of the author, and indicating tremendous research; it is carefully and exactly executed, testifying to the discernment and prudence of the mind behind the book.

The theme which Dr. Kelly pursues is that the Catholic religion has played a determining and predominant part in the shaping of English literature. She holds that this religion has not only been the foundation for the structure, but has also added strength to the cross-beams of the upper stories. In her

treatment of this theme Dr. Kelly can hardly be accused of prejudice. It is only natural that she become enthusiastic over the outstanding characters of literature and sway her readers along with her whole-hearted enthusiasm, but these are not the grounds for an accusation of prejudice. Prejudice enters in only when unmerited tribute is proffered, and such is certainly not the case in *The Well of English*.

Variation, a rather pronounced quality in the style of Dr. Kelly, is achieved frequently by apt and pleasing comparisons, oftentimes by pleasant humor, and occasionally by polite and witty satire. Concerning the prose of Miss Gertrude Stein she mentions that "E. M. Forster has pointed out that her effort to emancipate fiction from the tyranny of time by abolishing sequence in the chronicle would further oblige her to abolish sequence in the order of sentences, next in the words and finally in that of letters with the ultimate result of complete incoherence."

Considering the fact that *The Well of English* was chosen among the first ten books of the year by many of the authoritative critics, we can safely say that it is worthy of our sincerest recommendation.

E. G. '37

Magazines

Before we can even entertain a hope of understanding Chinese art, we must realize the vast barriers of race, language, and tradition that stare us in the face in open defiance and mockery at our presumptuous attempt to overcome them. "The best we can do," says Mr. Thomas

Bodkin, D.LITT. in his article titled "An Approach To Chinese Art" (*Studies*, Dec. 1936), "is to reach some of those barriers, to recognize them lest we run our heads against them, and perhaps to peer over them at the wonderland which lies beyond."

In an interesting and charming manner, Mr. Bodkin goes on to explain in brief the barriers cited above. He mentions instances to exemplify the various oddities of that oriental race, oddities that date back thousands of years to China's "uncrowned king," Confucius. And lest one imagine that the Chinese are dullards, or less intelligent beings than we occidentals, he points out their numerous achievements that patently prove the fallacy of such a supposition. Thus with an understanding of the religion, the morality, the legal code, and the education that China offers to its inhabitants, the study and understanding of Chinese art is greatly facilitated.

Mr. Bodkin rightly claims that "the beliefs, the aspirations, the social virtues and faults of any free nation are best reflected in the art which it produces." So, as we might expect, we find that the Chinese art is never grand, sublime, or passionate. It is rather touched with sensibility and refinement, full of symbolism, and extremely traditional subject matter. "Their aim would seem to be less the production of what is striking than the avoidance of what is commonplace," says the author very aptly.

The Chinese are primarily nature lovers, and this trait finds ample expression in their art. Very seldom does the Chinese artist paint the figure and face of a person; he tries rather to portray the person by merely suggesting

his outstanding features. Thus when Wang Wei, a famous poet and painter of the eighth century, had his portrait painted by a friend, he chose to be represented with his back to the spectator, sitting in a chair, contemplating a landscape. We have thus, as it were, a picture of his mind rather than of his features; and that is typical of the Chinese outlook.

Another interesting note of observation in the field of Chinese art is the fact that professional painters are scarcely recognized as such. The cultivated man is expected to practice painting as one of his many hobbies or accomplishments. There was even a time when painting was a definite credential for every state official.

I could go on indefinitely enumerating extremely interesting facts and fancies about Chinese art as I read them in this article, such as painting with one's fingers, carving a beautiful statue by removing only a handful of dust from the raw material, or the beauty and charm of "Thousand Miles of the Yellow River," the greatest single achievement in Chinese art, but all these things will be much more enjoyable and appreciable if read from their original author.

E. G. '37

The common tendency in this revolutionizing era of speed and industrialism to deify the Almighty Dollar is fast becoming a fact. Bowing down at the altars of "surface values" and "things easy to understand," our modernists gropingly reach out, seeking forever the answer to that historic question asked by jesting Pilate, who would not stay for an answer. Blindly our modern rebels seek to solve

the puzzling enigma; "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Thus might some of the thoughts alluded to in Arnold Lunn's article in the *America* (Vol. 56, Jan. '37, pp. 317-318) be more concisely stated. Written in a more or less narrative style, it gives a vivid portrayal of the belligerent attitude against his adversaries felt by the author himself. Interspersed within his narrative Mr. Lunn has some excellent facts expressed, in contradistinction to the frightening, polysyllabic and fallacious theories expressed by various non-Catholic professors at a convention held by fifty universities of America.

Throughout the entire article runs the principle of integration. After giving views held by atheistic teachers as to the attainment of this principle, the author inserts his own beliefs based upon the solid foundation of the Catholic Church. The keynote of his theme is expressed in Mr. Lunn's closing words: "There is one integrating principle and one only, the Faith, which can arrest the ever increasing disintegration of religion..."

By giving a clear insight of himself the author gives us an outstanding example of Catholic Action. What this world needs is more Mr. Lunn's, men who are not afraid to back up the principles for which they profess to stand.

Casper Bonifas '37

Films

The cinema, *Rembrandt* is indeed an authentic portrayal of the life of the famous Dutch painter by that name. The picture, made in England, was

CRITICISM

directed and produced by Alexander Korda with the inimitable Charles Laughton in the title role.

Once before, in the history of the screen, Korda and Laughton were together as director and actor — *The Private Life of Henry VIII.* In *Rembrandt* both surpassed their previous dual endeavor.

In this cinema Charles Laughton adds another typical character portrayal to his already impressive collection. There seems to be no limit to his versatile talents as proved by his roles in *Ruggles of Red Gap*, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, *Private Life of Henry VIII.*, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, and now *Rembrandt*. With these fine performances he has taken his place alongside the name of George Arliss.

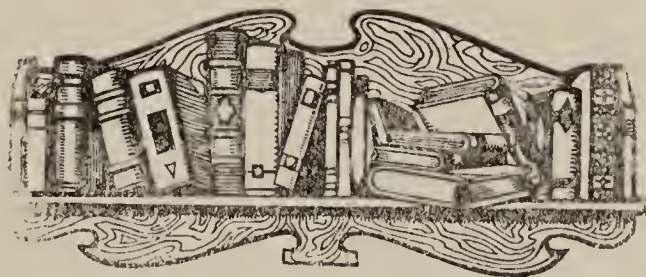
This latest screen venture has Laughton as the famous painter, who lives only for his wife and his art. Friends, wealth, health, all fade into insignificance before these two factors. He finds complete happiness in painting and his wife, Saskia. After her sad death, however,

he gradually becomes a mere eccentric until his love-starved soul finds food in the arms of his housemaid, Hendrickje, who shortly after their marriage also dies. The film ends as it began, with Rembrandt reminiscing among his paintings.

As entertainment *Rembrandt* is really not a motion picture at all. It possesses too little of a story with a beginning, a middle, and an end; it can hardly be said to have a plot. It is rather a series of events taken from the life of a famous artist. The subject is, however, approached with a great deal of reverence.

Included in the cast with Charles Laughton, were Elsa Lanchester and Gertrude Lawrence. In their minor roles they were satisfactory. As the housekeeper, Gertrude Lawrence did a beautiful piece of work. Elsa Lanchester (Laughton's wife) was superb as the sensitive and fragile girl who became Rembrandt's second wife. Regardless of these notable performances it is Laughton who dominates the film throughout.

Arthur Daniel '40



EXCHANGES

The autumn number of *The Chimes*, literary journal of Cathedral College, New York, presents in its leading article a theme which might well be considered a cornerstone embedded in the lofty cathedral sketched on the cover. "Man: Know Thyself." To hear any one but an aged sage advocate solitude and meditation has become the height of incongruity in modern thought. If the ideas expressed in this article were only generally representative of those entertained by the present generation it would be difficult indeed to make the accusation that the youth of today are going to the dogs. Though quite serious in tone the essay cannot be said to be dull. Considering that *The Chimes* is a Catholic publication, we realize how appropriately a personal account of true Catholic action fits into the magazine. "A Work of Mercy" is such an article. It is forceful; it has real human appeal. "Sunkissed Sweatshops" presents smoothly enough an urban conception of farm life. We were not wrong in our guess that the article would be somewhat biased. By taking a single locality in New Jersey as his basis for making certain deductions, which the reader unavoidably applies to the whole United States, the author hurls some damaging indictments against rural America. Generalizations are always dangerous. The same author writes in a decidedly different vein for the "Chatterbox" department; here light, witty satire with a red-blooded, college-man

punch appears. But even here there's a statement that borders on the irreverent; "When his mother first saw him she lifted her voice in prayer, saying: 'Out of the depths have I cried to Thee, O Lord, and look what I got.'" "The War of the Races" is a challenge to statesmen and diplomats, which may they hear and heed. It is difficult to determine just where the familiar essay leaves off and where the short story begins. We do, however, dignify "What a Team" by the term story. It left some doubt in our minds whether the writer was gently satirizing an abuse, that of overemphasis on sports, or only showing the rapid change of point of view of the character Jim Downey.

Very appropriately does *The Clepsydra* of Mundelein College, Chicago, dedicate its autumn number "to the memory of the greatest of Catholic journalists," G.K. Chesterton. Yes, J.M., we did notice it as well as the new format of your magazine. We heartily endorse both. Too much cannot be made of G.K., and now that he is gone, may his spirit live to inspire us all, who need it so much in Catholic college journalism. At first we hesitated to approve of your more modest cover, for we hated to part company with the cheerful tone expressed by the design of previous years; but on reflection we concluded that after all a college journal at least has a right to appear scholarly as well as attempt to be so. We liked all three of the short

EXCHANGES

stories which appeared. Through skillful handling, an ordinary incident becomes convincingly alive in "The Number Is"; the amusing and simple story of childhood, "The Understanding Heart," is sufficiently realistic to bring back vivid memories of similar incidents in the reader's (any reader's) life; "The Passing of the Wake-Robin," has, we think, the best characterization. Of the features, "What Ho, the Guard" is enlightening on the little known facts concerning the world-famous Swiss Guard of the Holy Father, but "Princess of Poets" is outstanding. Call it modern biography or what you will, it is a perfect example of dramatized history. We are not flattering when we suggest to all our readers to examine this narrative if they have not done so already. Of the modern verse published (we are thinking now specifically of that which appears in college journals) considerably more than half is a waste of time and money. It is refreshing to read a *poem* of the quality of "The Gipsy Housed," and with that statement we are sure no one will disagree. "Song of the Wheat" is good too, if not as good. Brevity remains the soul of wit; we think that by applying the blue pencil to some of the lines this song could be improved. And we fear, since we read Lawrence Feeney's "Song for a Listener,"

"...it's time for reason to return to rhyme."

We also appreciate the following additional exchanges:

The Salesianum (St. Francis Seminary);
The Aquinas (St. Thomas College);
St. Mary's Collegian (St. Mary's College, California);
The Xaverian News (Xavier University);
The Fleur de Lis (St. Louis University);
The Exponent (Dayton University);
Duquesne Monthly (Duquesne University);
The Gleaner (St. Joseph's College, Hinsdale, Illinois);
The Pacific Star (Mount Angel College);
The Daily Iowan (University of Iowa);
The Torch (Valparaiso University);
The Mount (Mt. St. Joseph Junior College);
St. Vincent Journal (St. Vincent's College);
The Marywood College Bay Leaf (Marywood College);
The Gothic (Sacred Heart Seminary);
The Aurora Quarterly (St. Mary-of-the Woods College);
The Canisius Quarterly (Canisius College);
The Black Hawk (Mount Mary College);

J.G.L. '39



ALUMNI

There is always a jolly good time to be expected when old friends mix. But there is a much more *Toward an ever jolly good time in store firmer union* when all friends get together, both young and old. That is the conclusion we have reached after hearing of the rollicking frolic displayed at the Calumet Alumni Banquet held Dec. 28, 1936, in honor of the students of the district home on vacation. The committee on arrangements supplied every possibility for its being so. Every alumnus of the chapter, every prospective alumnus, Fathers from St. Joseph's, all were invited. Dinner, consisting of the bird of the hour, with his usual entourage and condiments, and a succulent T-bone steak for the Rev. Carl Holsinger; music by the Three Musketeers from Gary, by George Muresan and Leslie Henrickson; verbal salads from the pick of the symposium; what more could any mortal expect? In a word, it was exhilaration personified.

Judging from the auspicious number present, fifty-five, we surmise that very few failed to avail themselves of the gracious invitation they received. Among the seminarian alumni who were wise men were James Quinn, Gilbert Wirtz, Vernon Rosenthal, Fred Steininger, Timothy Doody, James O'Connor, Eugene Zimmerman, and George Muresan. Representing St. Joseph's were Fathers Sylvester H. Ley, Frederick Fehrenbacher, and

Gilbert Esser. The student guests, of course, turned out en masse, and local alumni from Valparaiso, Crown Point, Gary, and the quartet of cities along the lake.

After our feathered friends had been plucked to the bone, and the appetities of all sated, the proceedings for a time became intensely businesslike. Officers for the ensuing year were elected. Upon the bustling shoulders of Mac McCoy descended the honor and duties of president. The Rev. Isidore Stadtherr, philatelist and numismatist superb, garnered for his share of the evening's distinctions the office of vice president. Mr. John F. Jones was selected to hold the moneybag and guard the minutes of the organization. The honor of chaplain and its consequent duties were designated to the Rev. Carl Holsinger. As city chairmen of this particular alumni chapter the following were chosen: Gary, William R. Wigmore and Martin F. O'Donnell; Hammond, Cletus Dunn; Whiting, A. Schemanchik; East Chicago and Indiana Harbor, Joseph La Mere; Crown Point, Harvey Schmal. As the first official act of his term, President McCoy announced the next meeting for the second week of April.

Interspersed between bits of peppermint were after-dinner speeches of a rather varied nature. Father Ley, as usual, boosted THE COLLEGIAN; Father Esser congratulated the chapter on its excellent gathering; Father Fehrenbacher

ALUMNI

spoke on the progress, which is no small quantity, at St. Joseph's. A very interesting snatch of St. Joe history was exhumed by Father John Sullivan. Speaking of the origin of basketball at his Alma Mater, about 1902, he said that the first baskets were barrel hoops which a student by the name of Pryor from Pennsylvania put up in the attic of the Main Building. Following Father Sullivan's remarks, Fred Jones and George Muresan gave their views of St. Joseph's 1936 football season and seminary life respectively.

Without a doubt the pervading atmosphere of the gathering was one of gayety and loyalty; gayety among those present, and loyalty to their Alma Mater. It is just such affairs as this which aid in casting ever firmer the triangle of St. Joseph's, her students, and her alumni.

When Prof. Havorka and his twin-cylinder Indian made the local horses climb trees? (John A. Tokarz, '13)

Do You Remember When Rogue Jones was married in 1911, and the St. Joseph's choir officiated? (John A. Tokarz, '13)

When the smallpox scare in Rensselaer, June, 1903, caused school to be

dismissed three weeks earlier? (Rogue Jones, '03)

When, in 1902, Company A. led by Mac McGill (from Vinegar Hill) won a prize trip to Remington, and the gang had to sleep in Father Berg's barn because it was impossible to get back to college due to the condition of the road? (Rogue Jones, '03)

When Fat Hummel, Cletus Wagner, and Albert Krill knelt on the hard wood for three weeks because of missing the last train from Remington on a free day? (Cletus Dunn, '26)

When the Turners journeyed to Chicago to put on their program for the benefit of the Alexian Brothers' Hospital? (Mac McCoy, '21)

—
Rumors will get around. The most recent one seems to be that Jim Lauer, '24, formerly of Kouts, Indiana, and at present residing in Gary, took unto himself a wife last Thanksgiving Day.

—
Clarence Sieben, '23, has done equally well for himself. On Dec. 31, he was united with Miss Irene James at Holy Family pro-Cathedral, Tulsa, Oklahoma, the Rev. Bernard Collins officiating.



CAMPUS

Clubs

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The C.L.S. has taken another step upward in its quest for dramatic perfection and artistic eloquence. In order that a society may progress it must have capable officers, and it is my firm conviction that the society is to be congratulated upon the choice that it made at the recent semiannual elections.

The new president, Mr. Norman Fisher, is a man who is sincere in his desire that the society should constantly advance, and has the capability to see that it does so. The other officers are equally well chosen. Mr. Fred O'Brien is the new vice president; Mr. Theodore Staudt, the secretary; and Mr. Robert Dwyer, the custodian of the funds. The executive committee consists of Mr. Huelsman, Mr. Bricker, and Mr. Bannon.

The co-operation of the members with the officers during the first term was satisfactory, but it could be improved in several minor points. The society is a formal one, and as such should be attended in proper attire. It is also requested that the members refrain from talking to each other when a speech is being given, as it not only embarrasses the speaker and irritates fellow members, but is in itself also a very discourteous thing to do. The officers indeed are capable, but the co-operation of the entire membership is needed to advance the society above the high status which it now holds. If the members co-operate I am certain that the good start made

by selecting fit officers will end in a brilliant climax of great dramatic success.

Frederick Hendricks '37

NEWMAN CLUB

With the journey toward their goal half completed the members of the Newman Club in their first meeting of the second semester took definite measures to ensure their safe arrival at their common destination. On Sunday morning, January 17, those members, showing good judgment, elected Mr. Anthony Flynn president, Mr. Donald Hardebeck vice president, and Mr. William Kramer secretary. The duties of treasurer were entrusted to Mr. Paul Linehan. Mr. Joseph McElroy will act as critic during the new administration, while Messrs. Anthony Ley, George Lubeley, and Robert Gallen will comprise the executive committee. Father Luckey, the Rev. moderator, appointed Mr. George Cross marshal. Each of the new officers is dependable, and worthy of his office.

It is now the duty of all of the members to keep alive that spirit of co-operation which has been with them since the beginning of the scholastic year. Their private programs have been a source of real pleasure to all; their one public play received general approval. If the spirit which produced these continues, as under wise guidance it must continue, the second semester, building on the achievements of the first, will be even more successful.

Vincent Schuster '39

CAMPUS

RALEIGH CLUB

Again the exclusive smoking club comes under the spotlight for its presentation of a pre-vacation program for its members. Although conducted quite informally by Dick Scharf, the entire program was a hilarious succession of events. It seems that the Raleigh members fell head over heels for the informal type of program which is as yet quite novel on St. Joe's campus. The comic team of Red Flannery and Jew Anderson made its bid on the program for top rating among the campus comedians, and they did do rather well. As is usually the custom with Dan Peil's "Star Dusters," they rendered several snappy jazz numbers, with "Peter Piper" receiving the biggest hand. The main part of the program was then devoted to individual local talent heretofore unknown. Jerry Yocis, giving a pantomime of an old woman sewing, was probably the best of the local entertainers. Fred Jones, however, was honored with a tremendous burst of applause when he rolled his massive frame to the tune of "Business in F." President Ken Couhig made a few timely remarks at the close of the program relative to the planned improvements throughout the clubrooms and the necessity for cooperation among the members. Everyone was wished a prosperous New Year in the name of the club.

On Christmas Eve the three club rooms were decorated, and together with two shining Christmas trees the customary green and red decorations presented a pleasing array of brilliancy.

After the returning students had settled into the general routine and again were able to do something besides sleep, the annual Raleigh Club Heart Tournament

was completed. Top honors and the silver cup went to lanky Louis Furst, with Hank Ward closely running a second.

With the promise of our president still resounding through the clubrooms, we the members, may have every hope of witnessing more good club programs in the next few months left for intellectual pursuits.

Robert Gaertner

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

Through an oversight the report of the activities of the D.M.U. has not appeared in these columns. Because of the importance of this organization that omission is regrettable.

There exists no student organization on the campus whose ideals are higher and whose motives are purer than that of the Dwenger Mission Unit. Since, however, the meetings of the society take place only monthly, and the character of the organization is not such that the personal benefits derived from it are materially great, a spirit of lethargy on the part of its members is likely to creep in. That is the chief obstacle that the officers have to overcome. We may, however, truthfully say, to detract nothing from the accomplishments of the society in years past, that the body of members this year is carrying on the traditions of the past most faithfully and successfully.

Of one thing we are certain. The Catholic Action programs, while they have not been many, have been a very appreciable improvement over those of former years. Very excellent discourses on subjects of fresh and untouched interest, educational moving pictures, and good entertainment in the form of music

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

and comedy skits have contributed to make these programs hours of delightful and satisfying enjoyment. Shortly before Christmas a program of varied character was presented to the mission organization of the parochial school in Rensselaer.

May we again urge the members to maintain and increase their enthusiasm, without which the work of any organization must come to naught. The work of the missions is a noble endeavor; it is entirely worthy of our best efforts.

N.F. '37

MONOGRAM CLUB

With what promises to be the most successful year ever experienced by the Monogram Club since its formation a few years ago, its members have begun what may be termed the second semester in a spirit of real co-operation. According to all reports given by the members themselves, the bimonthly meetings prove to be both very interesting and entertaining, despite the fact that no program of entertainment is sponsored by the officers, as is the case with various other organizations on the campus.

Several months ago it was stated in the COLLEGIAN that the pocketbooks of the students were being haunted by members of the Monogram Club in their attempt to sell tickets for the football raffle which was to be held at the half of the Central Normal football game. By the time this magazine reaches its readers the writer has every reason to believe that a similar circumstance shall have presented itself, because of the fact that the Monogram Club will again be selling raffle tickets in an effort to wipe

away the last vestige of that debt which it has yet hanging over it. From inside information, however, it is a known fact that it will be the last raffle ever to be held by the club, since it will clear itself of the remaining debt.

From reports that have chanced to reach the ears of the writer it is believed that the pocketbooks of the members are also being haunted. It is a known fact that in time ping-pong balls do wear out, and at the same time new ones must be supplied. This does not, however, deter the members from becoming expert ping-pong players. In fact, should the Raleigh Club ever stage a ping-pong tournament it is more than certain that many members of the M.C. would join it. Since the M.C. purchased its table a large amount of hidden ability has budded forth, and in fact, there is hardly a member who has not developed a great amount of agility in handling a ping-pong paddle.

In accompaniment to the lighted portrait of Saint Joseph's College and the bulletin board, so generously donated by our procurator, the club has been given a promise of receiving another donation in the form of a card table, which at present is being made in the carpenter shop. As long as the club has the procurator behind its endeavors the writer is inclined to believe that the Monogram Club will continue to strive for that goal for which it was instituted. Many thanks to you, Father Albin, for your kind donation.

In addition to having spacious quarters in comparison to those of former years, the Monogram Club has added to its cozy atmosphere by the purchase of drapes for its windows. When it was noised about that Weaver's Dry Goods

CAMPUS

Store was intimately connected with Mr. Weaver himself, it did not take the members long to select him as chairman of a committee to purchase the drapes. Through Mr. Weaver's purchasing ability, the drapes were secured at wholesale price. Mr. Weaver must certainly be commended for his artistic eye in color, also. So far, every one who has seen the curtains has commented on the cozy effect they lend to the atmosphere of the Monogram Club.

Casper Bonifas '37

Locals

Announcement of the foremost social event of the year, a formal prom to be held some time in May, was made toward the end of January. Under the sponsorship of the Monogram Club this strictly formal dance will be held in Rensselaer. The professional college men will be the only students invited. These together with friends outside the college to whom invitations will be sent will make perhaps two hundred couples.

Plans are now being formulated by various committees under the direction of the Reverend Fred Fehrenbacher, Dean of Students, who will be the presiding host of the dance.

THE LOG OF A COLLEGE CLIPPER

Captain Ward of the College Clipper stepped heavily out of his cabin at the quarter deck. He stood long, absorbing the serenity of the night. Above him on the break of the poop, the night watchman rang two bells — nine o'clock.

"Are all hands aboard, Morris?"

After a hasty puff on his old pipe, the mate answered reflectively:

"Yes, Captain. All the old chaps are back and spirited as ever after the Christmas furlong."

"Tell the boatswain to call all hands aft," commanded the captain as he shuffled down the dark deck.

Ten minutes later the crew of the Clipper were aft.

Captain Ward glanced from one to the other, seemingly scrutinizing each sailor.

"Men, I have heard some serious tales about your actions during the Christmas furlong, which are unbecoming to men of the sea."

"You, over there! What are you slinking away for? I suppose you're one of the two gay blades who got soaked (in the rains of course) during the intermission of a formal dance at Bellevue."

At this remark the men broke into riotous laughter as the two former tux wearers blushed scarlet.

"And what are you turning pale for, matie? No doubt you were one of the frolicsome juniors who spent a rip-roaring evening at the Rainbow Gardens in Fremont."

"And by the way, men, who was the shy gob who had his first date with a lass from Huntington? Be sure you don't have a date in every port, matie."

The cabin boy, who was sitting on the edge of a sea chest and pushing a needle steadily in and out of a white patch on a blue pair of trousers, took in all the conversation and seemed highly amused.

Again the Captain's voice resounded throughout the forecastle.

"I also heard about an Indianapolis lad who had his first date during the holidays. I'll bet that was you, — eh, cabin boy?"

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

The group swayed, reeled and turned, each one afraid that the next remark would concern him.

"And who was the daring swab from Canton who had the audacity to tell his girl, 'I won't dance?'"

"Man the bridge, Jones," barked Captain Ward as he continued his staccato of harsh words, then for the first time he paused as if to get his breath.

As he paused the men seemed to think he had said his say and started to saunter off to their various duties, but they were again interrupted.

"Wait a minute, men; I'm not through with you land lubbers. I still want to know who the guy is that is feeding dogs around here. If I get hold of him I'll break his bloomin' neck after what occurred in front of Midshipman Kolanski's locker," roared the captain ferociously.

While he continued to bellow his accusations at the sailors the College Clipper in all her splendor drifted slowly out over the cool calm waters.

Back on board, the none-too-calm captain directed more accusations to a group huddled together against the weather rail. "And what nine tars piled into a taxi and rode from Hammond to Gary after about breaking the cab's meter by the distance? Haven't I told you mugs to keep in condition by walking — you softies!"

"Hey, there, chubby, do you know anything about that husky young tar who

reads his fiction with a flashlight in his bunk at night? And who are the bloomin' pansies who play bridge at three bells in the morning?"

"Say, Weyer, go up and tell that wireless operator to come down here. Just because he runs a radio doesn't mean he can get away with everything."

"Yes, sir; right away, sir," replied Weyer as he hurriedly departed.

"I'd like to know," went on the captain, "who the gentlemen were from Fort Wayne who felt a little gayer than usual on their first night home?"

"Another thing that has come to my attention is the fact that a certain group of men have been playing that old child's game of hopscotch. Now I have no serious objections to this game, so hop to it, boys."

"Who was that husky brute who went practically wild the other day in the ship's forecastle during his attempt to imitate Fred Astaire's technique of tap dancing? He certainly had some technique," chuckled the captain aloud in a sudden change of humor.

"That will be all for this time, men, but each month I intend to call you all together and call you down."

The men ambled off without the harsh words of the captain to stop them as the College Clipper rolled peacefully on its way through the placid waters.

T. S. '39

R. S. '39

SPORTS

ST. JOE BEATS ROSE POLY, 30 - 27

In a game that was anything but spectacular to the spectators' eyes, St. Joe emerged victorious over the Rose Poly team from Terre Haute, Indiana, by the close score of 30 - 27. St. Joe had the lead all during the game, and looked far superior to the Poly boys in spots, but the Cardinal offence lacked zip enough to make the score decisive. It was a very sloppy game marred by fouls, steps, poor ball handling, and inaccurate shooting. Both teams seemed to be off their game. It was a sad disappointment to the rabid St. Joe fans, who had expected to see a brilliant exhibition of basketball. The Christmas vacation seemed to have taken a lot of ginger out of the Cards.

St. Joe grabbed an early lead when Spooks Shank dropped in two neat baskets. The Cards seemed to have a great advantage over the Rose Poly team in the opening minutes of the game, but the poor passing of the Cards seemed to give the opposition a little more pep, and they began to hit before the half ended, bringing the score up to 19 - 13.

The second half was a repetition of the first half with the exception that the tables were reversed, honors going to Rose Poly. Three substitutes from the Tech made the going pretty tough for the Cardinals, and they almost succeeded in nosing out St. Joe. With three minutes to go the score stood: St. Joe, 28; Rose Poly, 27. A Poly man had

the opportunity to tie up the ball game with a charity toss, but he failed. In the next St. Joe attack "Old Reliable" Dick Scharf broke in under the bucket and put in the basket which put the game on ice. These closing minutes of the game were thrilling to watch, and the stands were in an uproar.

St. Joe's scoring honors were evenly divided between Shank and Scharf. However, Shank's excellent floor work at the pivot post, and his nice playing under the basket mark him as the outstanding player of the game. Barney Badke played the best defensive game at the guard post.

Edwin Johnson '39

JOLIET JR. BLASTS ST. JOE, 50 - 39

At the expense of the Cardinals, the Joliet hoopsters cut another notch in their gunstock to boost the number to nine. At present they are on the top of the heap in the Illinois Junior Conference, and 'twould seem that they intend to remain there.

Our defeat may be and is attributed to any or all of several reasons. The lame duck excuse is the large playing floor at Joliet. Another is that the boys were simply off form. But the real cause was a deplorable lack of team work, coupled with too much rivalry for high scoring honors.

Utilizing a fast breaking offense which completely baffled the Cardinal's de-

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

fensive maneuvers, Joliet got away with a comfortable lead of fifteen points. Responsible for this sudden opening bombardment was no one star, but the entire Joliet five. McAllister started it with a deft pivot shot; Patterson broke fast to sink another; McGrath struck fatally from the rear line; Argyle helped along; and to round it out Corcoran made his lone field goal of the game. While this putsch was ensuing the Cards' best efforts were worth only a scant four points, resulting from a field goal by Michalewicz and two bread-line snacks by Scharf and Badke. As the first half wore on fouls became the fashion for both sides until McGrath swung his long range guns into action for two hits. At the half the score stood Joliet 28, St. Joe 10.

After the short truce the battle took on a less one-sided aspect. Badke turned on the boys with both guns, never letting up until he gathered two field goals and as many free throws. At this juncture McGrath lost control of his right arm to such an extent that it flew into Shank's solar plexus with noticeable force, so noticeable in fact, that Carl was forced to retire from the game. Then to top it off Shanga drew the foul on the play. Angered by this apparent injustice to his teammate Moonglow Rose sought revenge, which he readily found in the form of three field goals. As the game drew to a close, Scharf, in one final, gallant effort, contacted with a sharp, staccato rhythm for four successive buckets. The score now read 39 - 48. The spectators edged forward decidedly nervous, but the Joliet players took over possession of the ball, which they kept until the last minute when McAllister sunk it to make an even fifty for Joliet.

Shooting Stars

	F.G.	F.T.	P.F.	T.P.
Scharf	31	7	10	69
Badke	14	13	12	41
Michalewicz	15	7	5	37
Shank	12	4	13	28
Yocis	6	3	5	15
Rose	4	3	5	11
Wilkinson	3	1	0	7
Furst	2	0	0	4

There haven't been many changes in the scoring over last month's tabulations. Dick Scharf seems to be consistent in his shooting as there is only a point's difference over his score of last month and his score of this month. Ray Michalewicz seems to be taking better aim this month. He passed Carl Shank in the scoring and is rapidly creeping up on Barney Badke. The other positions in the lineup of the Shooting Stars remain the same. Good luck, gang, we'll see who holds the coveted first place next month.

CENTRAL CATHOLIC HIGH FALLS, 32 - 24

Paced by Lesch, who carried off high scoring honors with five field goals and two charity tosses, the high school quintet bowled over a mediocre Central Catholic five with the greatest of ease. Early in the first quarter Petit and Lesch put the game definitely on the ice. Then with the very capable assistance of Ormsby, H. Eder, and Waddle, they succeeded in keeping it in just such a state of refrigeration. Considering the fact that it was their first game of the season, the Redbirds played excellently. It should not be over-exacting to expect some very decisive victories as the season proceeds.

SPORTS

HIGH SCHOOL OUTFACES DEMOTTE, 17 - 16

We witnessed a real rip-snorting western thriller on the night of December 19, 1936. Ten lads of amazing stamina raced back and forth over the floor for a period of four quarters — destination seemingly unknown. It did not require a great stretch of the imagination to visualize an honest-to-goodness fox hunt. The boys took out after the ball like a pack of yelping hounds. Then as soon as the elusive ball fell into a player's hands, he would hurl it to the opposite end of the floor, and the pursuit would

start anew. There was little semblance of polish or teamwork on either side. Such unorthodox methods on the part of the St. Joe boys might be explained away to a certain extent by the fact that on the preceding night they engaged Central Catholic, but they failed to display any sign of excessive physical fatigue.

In conclusion, may this department make so bold as to suggest that the members of the high school elect a cheer leader or two? It might liven things up a bit.

Kenneth Couhig '37



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in
"HOLY TERROR"

Feb. 17 - 18

Robert Young
Ann Sothorn
in
"DANGEROUS
NUMBER"

Feb. 19 - 20

Florence Rice
Joseph Calleia
in
"MAN OF THE
PEOPLE"

Feb. 21 - 23

Dick Powell
Madeleine Carroll
in
"ON THE AVENUE"
with
Alice Faye
The Ritz Brothers
George Barbier
Alan Mowbray
Cora Witherspoon
Stepin Fetchit
Sig Rumann

Feb. 24 - 25

Stuart Erwin
in
"WOMEN
ARE TROUBLE"

Feb. 26 - 27

James Melton
in
"SING ME A LOVE
SONG"

Feb. 28 - Mar. 2

Will Rogers
in
"DOCTOR BULL"

Mar. 3 - 4

"WINTERSET"

Mar. 7 - 9

"THE LAST OF
MRS. CHENEY"

Mar. 14 - 16

"THE GARDEN OF
ALLAH"

THE PALACE

Feb. 14 - 16

Kay Francis
Ian Hunter
in
"STOLEN HOLIDAY"

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